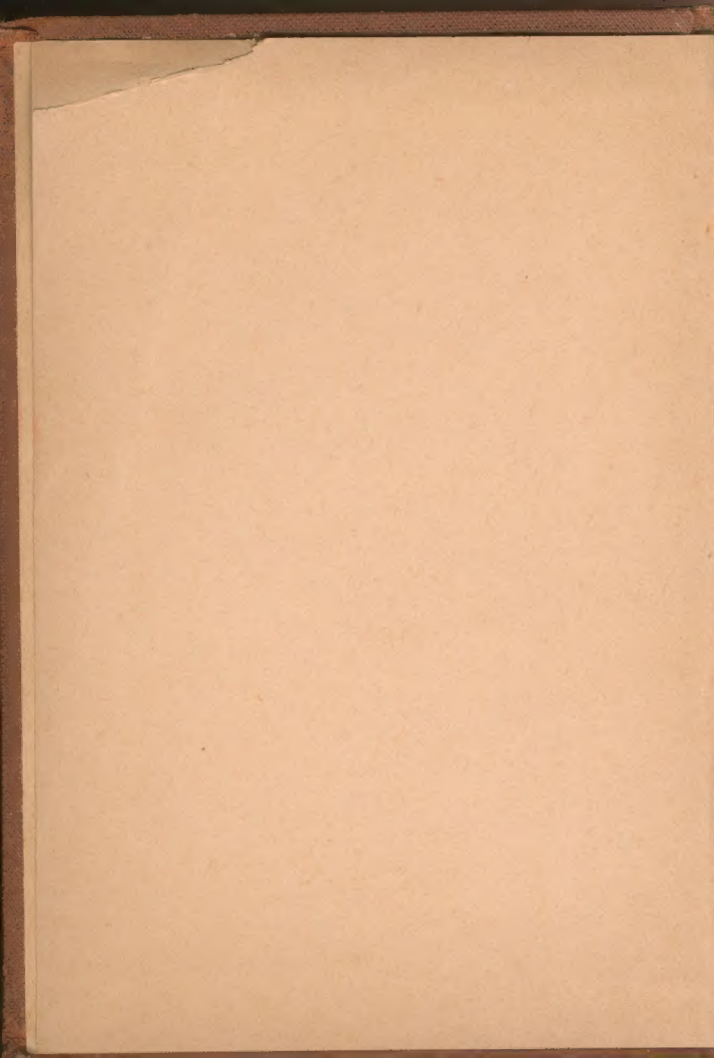


SAINTS' HYMNAL



Nephi Lovell
Samoni, Iowa
May 5-1921

34



THE

SAINTS' HYMNAL

(WORDS ONLY)

"The song of the righteous is a prayer unto me."—
Doctrine and Covenants 24:3.

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and
spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart
to the Lord."—Ephesians 5:19.

LAMONI, IOWA

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of Latter Day Saints

1916

SAINTS' HYMNAL

FOR THE CHURCH

THE first of the hymns in this volume is
"Gloria in excelsis Deo," which is
a hymn of praise to God, and is
the first of the hymns in this volume.

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"Gloria in excelsis Deo," which is
a hymn of praise to God, and is
the first of the hymns in this volume.

SAINTS' HYMNAL.

1. (4) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.3)

1. Guide us, O thou great Jehovah,
Saints, unto the promised land;
We are weak, but thou art able,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand.
||:Holy Spirit,:||
Feed us till the Savior comes.

2. Open, Jesus, Zion's fountains;
Let her richest blessings come;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Guard us to that holy home:
||:Great Redeemer,:||
Bring, O bring the welcome day!

3. When the earth begins to tremble,
Bid our fearful thoughts be still;
When thy judgments spread destruction
Keep us safe on Zion's hill,
||:Singing praises,:||
Songs of glory, unto thee.

2. (72) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.3)

1. Glad are we that now the gospel,
Is restored to earth again,
As 'twas said by an apostle,
We the Spirit may obtain;
||:By obedience:||
To redemption's only plan.

NOTE.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the number of hymn in the Saints' Harp and music in the Saints' Harmony.

2. God has given us his Spirit,
 For we have obeyed his word;
 And it whispers, Saints, O hear it,
 "Own him as your sovereign Lord."
 ||:Holy Spirit!:||
 Unto us thy help afford.

3. (8) P. M. (S.H.6)

1. Burst ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptured vision,
 All th' ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright Elysian!
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
 Break the intervening skies;
 Sun of Righteousness, arise!
 ||:Ope the gates of Paradise.:||
2. Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him;
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angels' trumps resound his fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name;
 ||:Heav'n reverberates the theme.:||
3. Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing his great salvation;
 Cast their crowns before his throne;
 Cry, in reverential tone:
 "Glory be to God alone,
 ||:Holy! Holy! Holy One!":||
4. Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we too the holy lays—
 Jesus! Blessed Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraphs' song;

Sweetest note on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
||:Jesus! Jesus! Holy One!:||

4. (10) L. M. (S.H.7)

1. Unmoved by fear,—my praise is due
To thee, thou gracious God of saints;
Thy mercies great, thy counsel true,
||:My prayers are heard and my complaints.:||

2. Compassed by love,—my heart's best thought
I raise in gratitude to thee;
Nor wait to thank thee all untaught.
||:Thy love's best gift hath taught it me.:||

3. I fear,—but that I may not gain
A place beside my noblest friend;
I love,—but ah! the sweet refrain,
||:On thee, my Savior, I depend.:||

5. (24) L. M. (S.H.7)

1. Before Jehovah's glorious throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
||:He can create, and he destroy.:||

2. His sov'reign power, in earth's fair morn,
Made from the dust his creature, man;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
||:He brought us to his fold again.:||

3. We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
||:Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.:||

4. Wide as the world is his command,
Vast as eternity his love;
Firm as a rock his truth shall stand,
||:When rolling years shall cease to
move.:||

6. (1009) C. M. (S.H.13)

1. Ye nations of the earth, attend,
Let kings and princes hear;
And let the powers of darkness bend—
Messiah's reign is near!
2. The Savior comes! ye saints! be pure,
And fix your hearts on high;
Lift up your heads, rejoice, for your
Redemption draweth nigh.
3. Sing, brethren! sing in strains divine,
Let all your voices raise;
Let heaven and earth their anthems join,
In these, the latter days.

7. (1001) C. M. (S.H.13)

1. The Lord our Savior will appear;
His day is nigh at hand;
The signs bespeak his coming near,
And all may understand.
2. Behold, he comes! he comes to reign
On earth with all his saints;
Jesus, the Lamb of God, once slain,
Will end our long complaints.
3. The prince of darkness he will bind;
The hosts of hell o'erthrow;
Satan, in the abyss confined,
The power of Christ shall know.
4. Then, those who've suffered for his name,
And have obeyed his word,

Shall rise in glory, and proclaim
The goodness of their Lord.

8. (113) L. M. (S.H.35)

1. Great God! as foll'wers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat,
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.
2. O, grant thy blessing here, we pray;
O, give thy people joy and peace;
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.
3. We seek the truth which Jesus brought;
His path of light we long to tread;
Here he his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.
4. May faith, and hope, and love abound;
Our sins and errors be forgiven;
And we, from day to day, be found
Children of God and heirs of heaven.

9. (41) L. M. (S.H.32)

1. Great God! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
2. God is our sun; he makes our day—
God is our shield; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and fears within.
3. All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

4. O God, our King,—whose sov'reign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;—
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

10. (208) L. M. (S.H.32)

1. O Lord, responsive to thy call,
In life or death, whate'er befall,
Our hopes for bliss on thee depend;
Thou art our everlasting Friend.
2. Though life be short, and trials seem
To darken its protracted gleam,—
Though friends forsake, and foes contend,
Thou art our everlasting Friend.
3. Death may distract our present joy,
And all our brightest hopes destroy;
Yet these will in the future tend
To prove thee still our faithful Friend.
4. O let thy Spirit with us dwell,
That we in future life may tell
How we o'ercame: Lord, to the end,
Be thou our God, our lasting Friend!

11. (14) L. M. (S.H.10)

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh! how free!
2. He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh! how great.

3. Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh! how strong.
 4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh! how good.
 5. Soon I may pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers may fail;
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!
His loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness sing in death!
12. (475) 6s & 4s. (S.H.20)
1. My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O! let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
 2. May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O! may my love to thee:

Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3. While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away;
Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

13. (154) 6s & 4s. (S.H.20)

1. Oh, Lord! thy people bless;
Arm them with holiness;
 Hear us, we pray.
When troubles bow them down;
When friends upon them frown!
Oh, Lord! preserve thine own:
 Hear us, we pray.
2. When dread diseases are,
Make them thy special care;
 Thy power display,
Stretch forth thine arm of love;
Let all the faithful prove,
They have a friend above,
 Hear us, we pray.
3. When crossing o'er the deep,
Thy flock in safety keep,
 From ev'ry harm.
When winds and waves roll high;
When clouds o'erspread the sky,
Be thou for ever nigh:
 Hear us, we pray.
4. When nations rush to war;
When men begin to fear,
 Be near them then.

Bid angels guard their way;
Watch o'er them day by day;
Nor let their footsteps stray,
E'en so, Amen.

14. (188) C. M. D. (S.H.40)

1. Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
They sound for volunteers;
Commissioned by the King of kings,
Behold the officers.
Their armor clean, and glist'ning bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
Soldiers of Zion's land.
2. Their King is Christ, their armor truth,
The word of God their sword,
Their shield the power of mighty faith,
Their General is the Lord.
It sets my heart all in a flame
A soldier brave to be;
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
3. The fight must be the fight of faith,
The robe, of righteousness,
The contest, with the pow'rs of death,
The aim, mankind to bless.
The General will to conquest lead,
The great Eternal Lamb—
His garments stained in his own blood—
King Jesus is his name.
4. We want no cowards in our bands,
Who will our colors fly,
We call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.
To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear!
All armed and dressed in uniform,
They look like men of war.

5. Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh;
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
 That shakes the earth and sky.
 The trumpets sound! The armies shout!
 They drive the hosts of hell!
 The conflict's ended, vict'ry won,
 Hail! King Immanuel!

15. (53) L. M. (S.H.46)

1. With saints below and saints above,
 I'll join to praise the God I love;
 ||:Like Enoch, too,:|| I will proclaim
 ||:A loud Hosanna:|| to his name.
2. Hosanna! let the echo fly
 From pole to pole, from sky to sky,
 ||:And saints and angels,:|| join to sing,
 ||:Till all eternity:|| shall ring.
3. Hosanna! let the voice extend,
 Till time shall cease and have an end.
 ||:Till all the throngs:|| of heaven above
 ||:Shall join the saints:|| in songs of love.
4. Hosanna! let the trump of God
 Proclaim his wonders far abroad,
 ||:And earth, and air,:|| and skies, and
 seas
 ||:Conspire to sound:|| aloud his praise.

16. (117) S. M. (S.H.21)

1. With joy we lift our eyes
 To those bright realms above,
 That glorious temple in the skies,
 Where dwells Eternal Love.
2. Before thy throne we bow,
 O thou Almighty King;

Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3. While in thy house we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

17. (108) S. M. (S.H.21)

1. Stand up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
2. Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
3. O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips—our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
4. God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours:
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
5. Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

18. (164) C. M. (S.H.47)

1. Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,—
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.

2. When, harrassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal!
3. When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure
By storm or calm,—in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
4. When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, in love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

19. (60) C. M. (S.H.51)

1. Lift up to God the voice of praise!
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.
2. Lift up to God the voice of praise!
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads ev'ry minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought.
3. Lift up to God the voice of praise!
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
4. Lift up to God the voice of praise!
For hopes transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of
death,
To realms of endless day.

20. (246) C. M. (S.H.51)

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;

To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee, lift up mine eye:

2. Up to the heavens where Christ has gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at the Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
3. Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
The righteous shall be thy delight,
And dwell at thy right hand.
4. O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.
5. O do thou give my daily bread,—
And be my sins forgiven;
And let me in thy temple tread,
And learn from thee of heaven.

21. (61) P. M. (S.H.52)

1. Shout the tidings of salvation!
To the aged and the young;
Till the precious invitation,
Waken ev'ry heart and tongue.

CHORUS:

Send the sound the earth around,
From the rising to the setting of the
sun.
Till each gath'ring crowd,
Shall proclaim aloud,
The glorious work is done.

2. Shout the tidings of salvation!
 O'er the prairies of the West;
 Till each gath'ring congregation
 With the gospel sound is blest.

CHORUS.

3. Shout the tidings of salvation!
 Mingling with the ocean's roar;
 Till the ships of ev'ry nation,
 Bear the news from shore to shore.

CHORUS.

4. Shout the tidings of salvation!
 O'er the islands of the sea;
 Till, in humble adoration,
 All to Christ shall bow the knee.

CHORUS.

22. (385) C. M. (S.H.60)

1. While humble shepherds watched their
 flocks
 In Bethl'hem's fields by night,
 An angel, sent from heaven, appeared,
 ||:And filled the field with light;:||
2. "Fear not," he said, (for sudden dread
 Had seized their troubled mind,)
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 ||:To you and all mankind;:||
3. "To you, in Bethlehem, this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Savior, who is Christ the Lord;
 ||:Behold in heaven his sign;"::||
4. Thus spoke the angel; and forthwith,
 Appeared a shining throng

Of angels, praising God; and thus
||:Addressed their joyful song.:||

5. "All glory to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will is shown by heaven to men,
||:And nevermore shall cease."||

23. (181) C. M. (S.H.60)

1. Awake, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
||:And an immortal crown.:||
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
||:And onward urge thy way.:||
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice;
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
||:To thine aspiring eye.:||
4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
gems
||:Shall blend in common dust.:||
5. Blest Savior! introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
||:I lay my honors down.:||

24. (706) 7s. (S.H.37)

1. Through the furnace, through the heat,
There beneath the hammer's beat,
Through temptations manifold,
Comes my soul like burnished gold.

2. Through the fires that purge the dross,
Through the anguish to the cross,
Buried with my Savior slain,
So with him I live again.
3. Through the warfare and the strife,
Through the toils and tears of life.
Then my weary feet shall stand
Safe within the goodly land.
4. Sick and faint beneath thy rod,
Trembling at thy stroke, O God;
Mid affliction's burning flame,
Yet I glory in thy name.
5. When my soul is purified,
Savior, take me to thy side;
There, from every trial free,
May I sweetly rest with thee.

25. (3) C. M. (S.H.356)

1. Come all ye saints who dwell on earth,
Your cheerful voices raise,
Our great Redeemer's love to sing,
And celebrate his praise.
2. His love is great, he died for us,
Shall we ungrateful be?
Since he has marked a road to bliss,
And said, "Come, follow me."
3. The strait and narrow way we've found,
Then let us travel on,
Till we in the celestial world,
Shall meet where Christ has gone.
4. And there we'll join the heavenly choir,
And sing his praise above;
While endless ages roll around,
Perfected by his love.

26. (116) C. M. (S.H.8)

1. Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray, dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
2. While in thy word we search for thee,
We search with trembling awe!
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
3. Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

27. (43) C. M. (S.H.8)

1. Praise ye the Lord! immortal choir
In heavenly heights above,
With harp and voice, and soul of fire,
Burning with perfect love.
2. Shine to his glory! worlds of light,
Ye million suns of space;
Ye moons and glist'ning stars of night,
Running your mystic race.
3. Shout to Jehovah! surging main,
In deep eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound the strain,
And shore reply to shore.
4. Storm, lightning, thunder, hail, and snow,
Wild winds that keep his word,
With the old mountains far below,
Unite to bless the Lord.
5. Round, round the wide world let it roll,
By angel choirs begun;

Join, every ransomed human soul,
In glorious unison.

28. (62) 8s & 7s, D. (S.H.52)

1. Yes, we feel the clouds are breaking,
And the light begins to shine;
Fear is now our hearts forsaking,
Leaving there a joy divine.
Praise the Lord! He ever hears us
When we come with contrite heart,
When we feel that he is near us,
Grief and sadness soon depart.
2. Though the clouds were thick around us,
And our souls were sore depressed;
Yet the Lord in meekness found us,
And forgave when we confessed.
Now the gentle, wooing Spirit,
Wins our love from earth away;
Gently whispers, Saints, O hear it,
"Soon will dawn eternal day."

29. (124) C. M.

1. Once more we come before our God—
Once more his blessing ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!
2. May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the sacred treasure there,
Nor ever with it part.
3. Awake! O heavenly wind, awake!
Refreshing breezes blow;
Let ev'ry plant thy power partake,
And all the garden grow.

4. Revive the parched with soft'ning showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
The benefit shall all be ours,
Be all the glory thine.

30. (173) 8s & 7s.

1. Heavenly Father! we adore thee!
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Met to worship, Lord, before thee,
Grant us each a blessing now.
2. Thou art gracious; Lord, forgive us
Ev'ry wrong that we have done;
Let no spirit false deceive us,
Bid thy Spirit make us one.
3. In the name of Christ our Savior,
Draw our minds from worldly care;
Grant us each thy special favor,
Hear our earnest, fervent prayer.
4. Few in number, yet delighting
In the truth which makes us free;
May that truth our hearts uniting,
Aid us each to trust in thee.
5. Deign to hear our invitation,
"By thy Spirit with us meet;"
Let the prayer of inspiration
Be with all our wants replete.

31. (376) 8s & 7s. (S.H.90)

1. Blest be thou, O God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord!
Blest thy majesty for ever!
Ever be thy name adored.
2. Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness,
Glory, vict'ry, are thine own;

All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3. Riches come of thee, and honor,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

32.* (184) 8s & 7s.

1. Pilgrims in this vale of sorrow,
Pressing onward toward the prize,
Strength and comfort here we borrow
From the hand that rules the skies.
2. 'Mid these scenes of self-denial,
We are called the race to run;
We must share the warrior's trial,
Ere the victor's crown be won.
3. Love shall every conflict lighten,
Hope shall urge us swifter on,
Faith shall every prospect brighten,
Till the morn of heaven shall dawn.
4. On th' Eternal arm reclining,
We at length shall win the day;
All the powers of earth combining,
Shall not snatch our crown away.

33. (354) L. M. (S.H.65)

1. Father of lights! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy power and love display.
2. Fountain of good! from thee proceed
The copious drops of genial rain,
Which o'er the hill, and through the mead,
Revive the grass, and swell the grain.

3. O let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.

4. So shall our sun more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall
fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoyed by all.

34. (713) L. M. (S.H.65)

1. Awake! ye saints of God, awake!
Call on the Lord in mighty prayer,
That he will Zion's bondage break,
And bring to naught the fowler's snare.

2. He will regard his people's cry—
The widow's tear—the orphan's moan;
The blood of those that slaughtered lie,
Pleads not in vain before his throne.

3. Then let your souls be stayed on God;
A glorious scene is drawing nigh:
Though tempests gather like a flood,
The storm, though fierce, will soon
pass by.

4. Awake to union and be one,
Or, saith the Lord, "Ye are not mine;"
Yea, like the Father and the Son,
Let all the saints in union join.

35. (729) L. M. (S.H.65)

1. The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled!
The dawning of a brighter day
Majestic rises on the world.

2. The clouds of error disappear
Before the rays of truth divine—
The glory, bursting from afar,
Wide o'er the nations soon will shine.
3. The Gentile fullness now comes in,
And Israel's blessings are at hand:
Lo! Judah's remnant cleansed from sin,
Shall in their promised Canaan stand.
4. Jehovah speaks! let earth give ear,
And Gentile nations turn and live—
His mighty arm is making bare,
His cov'nant people to receive.
5. Angels from heaven and truth from
earth
Have met, and both have record borne:
Thus Zion's light is bursting forth,
To bring her ransomed children home.

36. (369) C. M.

1. I sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
4. Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye;

If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

5. There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

37. (102) 7s.

1. Heralds of creation; cry,—
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high!
Heaven and earth, obey the call;
Praise the Lord; the Lord of all.
2. Praise him! all ye hosts above;
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
3. Earth! from all thy depths below
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
4. High above all height his throne;
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess!
Him let all his children bless!

38. (93) 8s & 7s. (S.H.75)

1. Praise to him by whose kind favor
Heavenly truth has reached our ears,
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.
2. Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know:
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3. What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in ev'ry heart;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.

39 (5) 8s & 7s. (S.H.75)

1. Praise the Lord with songs of gladness,
Praises sing to God most high;
Buried be each thought of sadness,
Hushed be each complaining sigh.
2. Praise him for his love abounding,
For his greatness excellent;
Praise him with the psaltery's sounding,
Praise the Lord with full intent.
3. Praise him with the organ's pealing,
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;
Praise him with the soul's best feeling,
Praise the Lord, ye saints and choir.
4. Praise him now and praise him ever,
Join with instrument and voice;
Praise the Father, praise the Savior,
Let the righteous all rejoice.

40. (90) (S.H.74)

1. Earth with her ten thousand flow'rs,
Air, with all its beams and show'rs,
Heaven's infinite expanse;
Ocean's lustrous countenance—
All around, and all above,
Hath this record—God is love.
2. Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirr'd—

Sacred songs, beneath, above,
Have one chorus—God is love.

3. All the hopes that sweetly start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the bliss that ever comes
To our earthly—human homes—
All the voices from above,
Sweetly whisper—God is love.

41. 6-7s. (S.H.74)

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure—
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and thou alone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

42. (76) L. M. D.

1. The spacious firmament on high,
With all th' blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens (a shining frame),
Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,—
What though no real voice, nor sound
'Mid those radiant orbs be found—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice:
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

43. (267) 8s & 7s. (S.H.113)

1. Savior, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal,
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
2. Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,—
Angel guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.
3. Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness can not hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watches where thy people be.

4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And command us to the tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

44. (137) 8s & 7s. (S.H.113)

1. Sweetly may the blessed Spirit,
On each faithful bosom shine:
May we every grace inherit:
Lord, we seek a boon divine.
2. Since thou tak'st delight in giving,
We would gladly ask and have;
Gratefully each gift receiving,
In his name who died to save.
3. We would see t' obtain his favor,
Which is better far than gold;
May his gospel prove the savor
Of a life that's ne'er been told.
4. Passing honors, transient pleasures,
Boasting joys, for ever flown;
May we seek to lay up treasures
Where decay shall ne'er be known.
5. Savior, to assist our weakness,
Let thy grace sufficient be;
Bless with wisdom and with meekness,
Till we full salvation see.

45. (111) 8s & 7s. (S.H.88)

1. Welcome, hour of solemn meeting;
Welcome, hour of praise and prayer;
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share.
2. Be thou near us, blessed Savior,
Still at morn and eve the same;

Give us faith that can not waver;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.

3. When the fervent heart is glowing
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear.

46. (91) 7s. (S.H.72)

1. Glory be to God on high!
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven
Man, the well beloved of heaven.
2. Favored mortals, raise the song!
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
3. Mark the wonders of his hand!
Pow'r,—no empire can withstand;
Wisdom,—angels' glories theme;
Goodness,—one eternal stream.
4. Gracious being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

47. (128) 7s. (S.H.72)

1. Stealing from the world away,
We are come to seek thy face;
Kindly meet us, Lord, we pray,
Grant us thy reviving grace.
2. Yonder stars that gild the sky
Shine with but a borrowed light;
We, unless thy light be nigh,
Wander, wrapt in gloomy night.

3. Sun of Righteousness dispel
All our darkness, doubts, and fears;
May thy light within us dwell,
Till eternal day appears.
4. Warm our hearts in prayer and praise,
Lift our every thought above;
Hear the grateful songs we raise,
Fill us with thy perfect love.

48. (141) L. M. (S.H.101)

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above:
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
2. To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
3. Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
4. Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fullness of joy for ever there.

49. (98) L. M. (S.H.101)

1. Lord, how mysterious are thy ways!
How blind are we! how mean our praise!
Thy steps, can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.
2. Great God! I would not ask to see
What in my coming life shall be;

Enough for me if love divine,
At length through ev'ry cloud shall
shine.

3. Are darkness and distress my share?
Then let me trust thy guardian care;
If light and bliss attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praise.
4. Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below,
That Christ be mine;—this great request
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest!

50. (290) L. M. (S.H.80)

1. Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.
2. O that our thoughts and thanks may
rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet
repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!
3. This heavenly calm within the breast,—
The pledge of that more glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,—
The end of cares, the end of pains.
1. In holy duties let the day,
Of holy comforts pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

51. (200) S. M. (S.H.85)

1. "My times are in thy hand:"
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2. "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3. "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

52. (715) S. M. (S.H.85)

1. Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2. Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3. We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4. This mutual love revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day,

5. When from all sin and pain,
The ransomed shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

53. (34) 6s & 4s. (S.H.102)

1. Glory to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,—
"Praise ye his name!"

Angels his love adore,
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 Saints cry for evermore,—
 "Worthy the Lamb."

2. Ye who surround the throne,
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name.
 Ye who have felt his blood
 Sealing your peace with God,
 Sound through the earth abroad,—
 "Worthy the Lamb."
3. Soon must we change our place,
 Yet will we never cease
 Praising his name:
 Still will we tribute bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And through all ages sing,—
 "Worthy the Lamb."

54. (27) 6s & 4s. (S.H.102)

1. Come, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise!
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Alpha of Days.
2. Jesus, our Lord, arise,
 Scatter our enemies,
 Now make them fall!
 Let thine Almighty aid,
 Our sure defense be made,
 Our souls on thee be stayed—
 Lord, hear our call!
3. Come, Holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour!

Thou, who Almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

55. (179) 7s D. (S.H.117)

1. Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'ers in his righteous cause,
Follow'rs of the risen Lord.
2. Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
3. More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'rings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.
4. He who on the throne doth reign,
Shall supply their ev'ry need,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their cares and wants remove,
Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,
Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

56. (198) 11s. (S.H.130)

1. Though troubles assail us, and dangers
affright;
Though friends should all fail us, and
foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever
betide;
The scripture assures us, the Lord will
provide.
2. The birds without garner or storehouse,
are fed,
They teach us a lesson to trust for our
bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will
provide.
3. We may, like the vessel, by tempests be
tossed
On perilous deeps, but we can not be
lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the
tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will pro-
vide.
4. His call we must honor, like Abram of
old,
Like him we may wander, but faith
makes us bold,
For though we are strangers we have
a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will
provide.
5. When Satan endeavors to stop up our
path,
And fills us with doubtings, we triumph
by faith,

He can not take from us, though oft he
has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord
will provide.

6. He tells we're weak, that our hope is in
vain;
The good that we seek, we shall never
obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits
have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will
provide.

57. (183) P. M. (S.H.120)

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy thronging,—
For the Father's mansion still
Earnestly is longing!

REFRAIN:

Looking home, looking home!
Towards the heavenly mansion
Jesus hath prepared for me
In his Father's kingdom.

2. In the garments once so strong,
Now are rents distressing;
And the sandals worn so long,
Heavily are pressing.

REFRAIN.

3. Oh! to be at home, and gain
All for which we're sighing,—
Ended earthly want and pain,
Ended, death and dying.

REFRAIN.

4. With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there,
On our Lord attending.

REFRAIN.

5. Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.

REFRAIN.

58. (167) L. M. (S.H.109)

1. What various hindrances we meet,
In bowing at our Maker's feet;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?
2. Have we no words? ah! think again:
Words flow apace when we complain,
And fill our fellow creatures ear
With the sad tale of all our care.
3. Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me!"

59. (400) L. M. (S.H.109)

1. My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too;
4. Be thou my pattern: make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

60. (189) S. M. D. (S.H.108)

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his Eternal Son:
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
2. Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.
3. From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
Till yours, a perfect sway.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Soon will the Lord descend from high,
And every victor crown.

61. (166) S. M. D. (S.H.108)

1. I want a heart to pray—
To pray and never cease;
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
This blessing, above all—
Always to pray—I want;
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.
2. I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim—
Unmoved by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern,
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.
3. I rest upon thy word—
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

62. (36) 8s & 7s. (S.H.207)

1. God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness stream-
eth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4. He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

63. (162) 8s & 7s. (S.H.205)

1. I would love thee, God and Father!
My Redeemer, and my King!
I would love thee; for, without thee,
Life is but a bitter thing.

2. I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee—he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3. I would love thee; look upon me,
Ever guide me with thine eye:
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

4. I would love thee; may thy brightness
Dazzle my rejoicing eyes!
I would love thee; may thy goodness
Watch from heaven o'er all I prize.

5. I would love thee, I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I can never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

64. (13) S. M. D. (S.H.125)

1. Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2. He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
3. Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.
4. To-day attend his voice.
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

65. (253) S. M. D. (S.H.125)

1. See how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.
2. Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
3. In faith I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found,
That he was just as near.
4. O Lord I want to live
So humble unto thee,
That in thy presence I may spend
A blest eternity.

66. (120) L. M.

1. Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that can not be expressed.

2. Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine eternal love and grace.
3. Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

67. (121) L. M.

1. O bow thine ear, thou God of saints;
To hear the prayer thy saints indite;
And while they breathe their fond complaints,
Deign thou to bless with heavenly light.
2. Kind Lord, thine Israel long has wept,
'Neath clouds of error, fear, and doubt;
But thou with them hast cov'nant kept,
Call them, O Lord, from darkness out.
3. For peace, they bring their praise to thee,
Who gave their fathers truth and grace,
Long since, when Israel bent the knee,
And humbly walked before thy face.
4. Then bow thine ear, thou Lord of earth,
While here thy saints, in Christ made free,
Make known the high, exceeding worth
Of full salvation wrought by thee.

68. (279) 7s. (S.H.433)

1. Slowly, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O, how still
Is the working of his will!
2. Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
3. Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!
4. Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

69. (292) L. M. (S.H.173)

1. Lord, may our hearts be tuned to sing
Thy great and everlasting praise;
Our hands a willing off'ring bring
To thee on this the chief of days.
2. Great God, thy goodness we adore,
Help us to sing thy boundless love;
Own thee as God for evermore,
And swell thy praise in realms above.
3. Our sacred vows we now renew—
Our lives afresh to thee devote;
Help us to keep each promise true,
And seek thy glory to promote.

70. (298) L. M. (S.H.173)

1. We bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening
heaven.
2. Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest!
May we improve the calm repose,
And in God's service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys, its woes.
3. Lord! may thy truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

71. (119) 7s. D. (S.H.96)

1. Light of life, seraphic fire!
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.
2. Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin:
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

72. (519) 7s. D.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me on thy love rely,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
While the raging storm goes past,
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none—
Rests my trusting soul on thee,
Leave, oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me;
All my hope in thee is stayed,
Help from thee I humbly seek;
Cover my defenseless head
When the tempests o'er me break.
3. Thou, O Christ, art whom I want;
Boundless love in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy name,
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness;
Love for man thou dost proclaim,—
Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found—
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Make me daily more like thee;
Let thy love within my heart,—
Dwell to all eternity.

73. (142) C. M. (S.H.186)

1. Met in thy sacred name, O Lord,
To worship thee below,
Grant that each soul with joy may thrill,
With love each bosom glow.
2. In festive scenes, 'mid giddy throngs
Of those whom sin delight,
We would not mingle, but would walk
In truth's free saving light.
3. Thy cheering promise, Lord, we wait,
Wherever two or three
Shall in my name together meet,
There will I deign to be.
4. Inspire our praise, direct our prayer,
Thy Spirit fill each heart;
Clothe thou with power the preacher's
tongue.
To all thy grace impart.

74. (139) C. M. (S.H.186)

1. Lord, let thy power attend thy word
While here we wait to praise,
And let the "fountain's" depths be stirred
While blessings crown our lays.
2. Here let us each our cares forget,
To sing our love to thee;
Nor sorrow, pain, nor vain regret
Disturb our unity.
3. Help from thy bounteous store afford,
Our poverty to bless;
Let light and truth, to earth restored,
Our every soul possess.

4. Drive from our midst each dark'ning
cloud,
Our ev'ry fear dispel;
While to thy temple's courts we crowd
To thee our love to tell.
5. While here, thy Spirit's grace bestow
Each wounded heart to heal,
That when we hence by duty go,
Acceptance we may feel.

75. (340) 7s. D. (S.H.194)

1. Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide;
He our wants hath well supplied:
To his house of worship, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
2. We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear—
Grant, O Harvest Lord! that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
3. For the Lord our God will come,
And will take his harvest home;
From his field in that blest day
All offenses purge away:
Give his angels charge at last,
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

76. (359) 7s. D. (S.H.194)

1. Heaven and earth, and sea, and air,
God's eternal praise declare;
Up, my soul! awake and raise
Grateful hymns and songs of praise.
2. See the sun, with glorious ray,
Pierce the clouds at opening day;
Moon and stars, in splendor bright,
Praise their God through silent night.
3. See how earth, with beauty decked,
Tells a heavenly Architect;
Woods and fields, with lowing kine,
Show their Maker all divine.
4. See the birds, how, pair by pair,
Swift they cleave the yielding air;
Thunder, lightning, storm, and wind,
God doth at his will unbind.
5. See the billows tumbling o'er,
Chafing with incessant roar;
Hear them, as they sink and swell,
Loud their Maker's praises tell.
6. Through the world, great God, I trace,
Wonders of thy power and grace:
Write more deeply on my heart
What I am, and what thou art.

77. (566) S. M.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise.
Dispel all sorrow from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.
2. Confirm us in the faith,
All doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in each breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

3. 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
4. Come, Holy Spirit, come;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

78. (199) S. M.

1. Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
2. Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
3. Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on:
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
4. No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

79. (100) L.M. (S.H.66)

1. What equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name!
2. Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groaned and
died,

Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.

3. Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
4. Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

80. (1080) S. M. (S.H.226)

1. How gentle God's command!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
2. His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Will guard his children well.
3. Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.
4. His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

81. (363) S. M. (S.H.226)

1. God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And in the paths of righteousness
Their wand'ring steps conduct.
2. The humble soul he guides;
Teaches the meek his way,

Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3. Give me the tender heart
That mingles fear with love;
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4. O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt!
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

82. (204) 11s. (S.H.135)

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall
I know;

I feed in green pastures, safe-folded
I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still
waters flow,

||:Restores me when wand'ring, redeems
when oppressed.:||

2. Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,

Since thou art my guardian, no evil
I fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my
stay;

||:No harm can befall, with my Com-
forter near.:||

3. In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;

Thy Spirit's rich graces upon me are
shed,

||:Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence
more?:||

83. (201) 11s. (S.H.135)

1. How firm a foundation ye saints of the
Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word;
What more can he say than to you he
hath said,
||:You, who unto Jesus for refuge have
fled!:||

2. In ev'ry condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in
wealth;
At home or abroad, on the land or the
sea,
||:As thy days may demand, so thy succor
shall be.:||

3. Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dis-
mayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause
thee to stand,
||:Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
hand.:||

4. When through the deep waters I call thee
to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'er-
flow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,
||:And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.:||

5. When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply;

The flame shall not hurt thee; I only
design
 ||:Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
 refine.:||

6. E'en down to old age, all my people shall
prove
 My Sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable
 love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their
 temples adorn,
 .||:Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be
 borne.:||

7. The soul that on Jesus still leans for
 repose,
 I will not, I can not, desert to his foes:
 That soul, though all hell should en-
 deavor to shake,
 ||:I'll *never*, no NEVER, no NEVER for-
 sake.:||

84. (123) L. M. (S.H.90)

1. O God, whose presence glows in all
 Within, around us, and above!
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
 Whose word is Truth, whose name is
 Love.

2. That truth be with the heart believed
 By all who seek this sacred place;
 With power proclaimed, in peace
 received,—
 Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3. That love its holy influence pour,
 To keep us meek and make us free,
 And throw its binding blessing more
 Round each with all, and all with thee.

4. Send down its angels to our side,—
 Send in its calm upon the breast;
 For we would know no other guide,
 And we can need no other rest.

85. (291) S. M. (S.H.172)

1. Again the Sabbath morn
 Calls us to prayer and praise,
 ||:Waking our hearts to gratitude:||
 ||:With its enliv'ning rays:||
2. But Christ yet brighter shone,
 Quenching the morning beam;
 ||:When triumphing from death he rose:||
 ||:To raise us up with him:||
3. When first the Spirit came,
 In majesty arrayed,
 ||:And bathed in streams of purest
 light,—:||
 ||:What power was there displayed!:||
4. But O what love!—when Christ,
 For our transgression slain,
 ||:Was by th' Eternal Father raised,:||
 ||:For us, to life again:||

86. (967) C. M. (S.H.202)

1. How will the saints rejoice to tell!
 And count their suff'rings o'er,
 When they upon Mount Zion dwell,
 ||:And view the landscape o'er:||
2. There they will see upon that land
 Fair Zion from above,
 And meet with Enoch's holy band,
 ||:And sing Redeeming Love:||
3. There, no more sickness, pain, or woe,
 Shall mar their peaceful rest,

For God shall wipe away their tears,
 ||:And comfort the oppressed.:||

4. O may I see that glorious day!
 And join with all the blest,
 To sing aloud the Savior's praise;
 ||:And enter into rest.:||

87. (39) C. M. (S.H.202)

1. Come, ye that love the Savior's name,
 And joy to make it known;
 The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
2. Behold your King, your Savior, crowned
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wond'ring nations round,
 How bright these glories shine.
3. When in his earthly courts we view
 The beauties of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And with their voice to sing.
4. Oh, for the day, the glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise
 With all their powers, the raptured lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

88. (392) P. M. or 6,6,9,9,6. (S.H.222)

1. Silent night! holy night!
 All is calm, all is bright,
 Round yon virgin mother and child,
 Holy Infant, tender and mild,
 ||:Sleep in heavenly peace!:||
2. Silent night! holy night!
 Shepherds wake, touched with fright,
 Glories stream from heaven afar,
 Heavenly hosts sing "Hallelujah,
 ||:Christ the Savior is born.:||

3. Silent night! holy night!
 Son of God! Light of Light!—
 O how love beams from his face,
 With the dawn of heavenly grace,
 ||:At Immanuel's birth!:||

89. (112) S. M.

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord,
 Thy glorious name to sing;
 To praise and pray—to hear thy word,
 And grateful off'rings bring.
2. Sweet—at the dawning light,
 Thy boundless love to tell;
 And when approach the shades of night,
 Sweet on the theme to dwell.
3. Sweet on the day of rest,
 To join in heart and voice,
 With those who love and serve thee best,
 And in thy name rejoice.

90. (420) L. M. (S.H.234)

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now,
 The suff'ring Savior prays alone.
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
 The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
 E'en that disciple whom he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
 Is not forsaken by his God.

4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

91. (425) L. M. (S.H.234)

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
2. "'Tis finished!"—that which heaven fore-
told.
By prophets in the days of old; ,
And truths are opened to our view,
That kings and prophets never knew.
3. "'Tis finished!"—Son of God, thy power
Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
And yet our eyes with sorrow see
That life to us was death to thee.
4. "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

92. (448) C. M. (S.H.213)

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
||:Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.:||
2. Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
||:Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.:||

3. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 |:Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

1. Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 |:To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

5. O! that with yonder sacred throng;
 We at his feet may fall:
 |:We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.:||

93. (110) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.236)

1. In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We thy people now draw near;
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
 Speak and let thy servants hear,—
 ||:Hear with meekness,—
 Hear thy word with godly fear.:||

2. While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee;
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 We would run, nor weary be,
 ||:Till thy glory,
 Without clouds, in heav'n we see.:||

3. There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore,
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before,—
 ||:Full enjoyment,—
 Holy bliss, for evermore.:||

94. (741) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.236)

1. Book of Mormon, hid for ages
 On Cumorah's lonely hill,

Written by those ancient sages
 Whom Jehovah taught his will;
 ||:Glad we hail it,
 Fullness of the gospel still!:||

2. Hail this record, saints in Zion,
 Hidden by Moroni's hand,
 Till the God our souls rely on
 Unto Joseph gave command
 ||:To translate it,
 Send it forth to ev'ry land.:||
3. Hail the glorious light of Nephi,
 Hail the truths that Alma taught;
 We will trust in God like Lehi,
 Seek the Lord as Mormon sought;
 ||:Like Moroni,
 Buy the truth and sell it not.:||
4. Israel, gather round this standard,
 Laman, see thy guiding star,
 Judah, rally round thy banner,
 Come, ye Gentiles from afar;
 ||:Book of Mormon,
 It is truth's triumphal car!.:||

95. (521) 8s & 7s. (S.H.288)

1. Bow, ye mortals, bow before him,
 Bow and keep his sacred word:
 Bow in rev'ence and adore him,
 Bow, confess your Savior, Lord.

CHORUS:

Precious name, O how sweet!
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
 Precious name, O how sweet,
 Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2. Bow, ye angels, chant his praises,
 Strike your lyres with one accord,

While each voice melodious raises
Pæans unto Christ the Lord.

CHORUS.

3. Men and angels, seraphs joining,
In one grand harmonious chord,
Voice and instrument combining,
All confess that Christ is Lord.

CHORUS.

96. (447) P. M. (S.H.254)

1. In the far better land of glory and light,
The ransomed are singing in garments
of white;
The harpers are harping and all the
bright train
Sing the song of redemption—"The Lamb
that was slain."

CHORUS:

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, Amen.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah,
Amen.

2. Round the bright flaming throne an
anthem they raise,
Like the sound of the sea swells their
chorus of praise;
And thrones and dominions reëcho the
strain
Of glory eternal to him that was slain.

CHORUS.

3. Dear Redeemer, may we, with our voices
so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and
saint?

Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we
 will gain,
 With the song of redemption—"The Lamb
 that was slain."

CHORUS.

4. Now, let all our hearts and our voices
 unite
 In loud hallelujahs with angels in light;
 To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
 The song of redemption—"The Lamb
 that was slain."

CHORUS.

97. (622) 7s & 6s D. (S.H.337)

1. From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
2. What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O, Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,

Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

98. (1075) 7s & 6s D. (S.H.330)

1. O reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round you
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come,
The golden morn is coming,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?
2. Thrust in your sharpened sickles
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching
And soon will come again.
Your Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?
3. Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below,
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold,
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4. Mount up the height of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know;
Be faithful to your mission
And service of your Lord,
And then a home in glory
Shall be your great reward.

99. (272) 10s. (S.H.163)

1. Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide?
When other helpers fail, and comfort flee!
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
3. I need thy Spirit ev'ry passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitter-
ness:
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

100. 10s. (S.H.163)

1. Lord of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear,
Thy children's voice, in tender mercy, hear;
Bear thy blest promise, fixed as hills, in mind,
And shed renewing grace on lost mankind!
2. Let Zion's walls before thee ceaseless stand,
Dear as thine eye, and graven on thy hand;
From earth's far regions Jacob's sons restore,
Oppressed by man, and scourged by thee no more.

101. (303) 10s. (S.H.179)

1. God of the changing year, whose arm of power
In safety leads through danger's darkest hour,
Here in thy temple bow thy creatures down,
||:To bless thy mercy, and thy might to own.:||
2. Thine are the beams that cheer us on our way,
And pour around the glad'ning light of day;
Thine is the night, and the fair orbs that shine
||:To cheer its hours of darkness,—all are thine.:||

3. If round our path the thorns of sorrow
 grew,
 And mortal friends were faithless, thou
 wert true;
 Did sickness shake the frame, or anguish
 tear
 ||:The wounded spirit, thou were present
 there.:||
4. Yet when our hearts review departed
 days,
 How vast thy mercies! how remiss our
 praise!
 Well may we dread thine awful eye to
 meet,
 ||:Bend at thy throne, and worship at thy
 feet.:||
5. O, lend thine ear, and lift our voice to
 thee;
 Where'er we dwell, still let thy mercy be;
 From year to year, still nearer to thy
 shrine
 ||:Draw our frail hearts and make them
 wholly thine.:||

102. (284) 7s. D. (S.H.278)

1. Safely through another week
 God has brought us on our way,
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day,
 ||:Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.:||
2. While we seek supplies of grace,
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,
 Show thy reconciling face—
 Take away our sin and shame:
 ||:From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.:||

3. Here we come thy name to praise;
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes,
 While we in thy house appear:
 ||:Here afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.:||
4. May the gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints:
 ||:Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we meet the Church above.:||

103. (89) 8s & 7s D. (S.H.282)

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above;
 Jesus reigns, and heav'n rejoices;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See! he sits on yonder throne;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.
2. King of glory, reign for ever;
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thy hast made thine
 own;—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Hallelujah! Amen.
3. Savior, hasten thine appearing;
 Bring, O bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heav'n and earth shall pass away.
 Then with golden harps, we'll sing,—
 "Glory, glory to our King."

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

104. (473) C. M. (S.H.318)

1. O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—
2. That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread
frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble can not drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;—
5. A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.
6. Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

105. (569) C. M. (S.H.318)

1. Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire—
Fountain of light and love.

2. Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee,
The Prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.
3. Expand thy wings, celestial dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
4. God, through thine aid, we then shall
know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound with all thy saints below,
The depth of love divine.

106. (478) C. M. (S.H.318)

1. Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves from Satan's snares,
Its aid, in ev'ry duty, brings,
And softens all my cares.
2. Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.
3. It shows the precious promise sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
4. There—there unshaken would I rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

107. (707) C. M. (S.H.353)

1. O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice!

- And who celestial wisdom makes
||:His early, only choice.:||
2. For she has treasures greater far,
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
||:Than all their stores of gold.:||
 3. In her right hand she holds to view,
A length of happy days:
Riches with splendid honors joined,
||:Are what are left displays.:||
 4. She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
||:Upon the hoary head.:||
 5. According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
||:And all her paths are peace.:||
- 108.** (361) C. M. (S.H.353)
1. To thee, my God, my days are known,
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions are before thy face,
||:Nor are my faults forgot.:||
 2. Each secret breath devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
||:Before thine eye appear.:||
 3. Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
||:A present God surveys.:||
 4. Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
And, when each mortal bond is broke,
||:Shall find my God is nigh.:||

109. (719) 7s & 6s. D. (S.H.380)

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us
In many a gentle shower;
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening ev'ry hour;
Each cry to heav'n ascending
Abundant answer brings;
And heav'nly gales descending,
Bring peace upon their wings.
3. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing—
A nation in a day.
4. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come."

110. (667) 8s & 7s. D. (S.H.361)

1. Glorious things are sung of Zion,
Enoch's city seen of old,

Where the righteous, being perfect,
Walked with God in streets of gold:
Love and virtue, faith and wisdom,
Grace and gifts were all combined,
As himself each loved his neighbor,
All were of one heart and mind.

2. Then the towers of Zion glittered
Like the sun in yonder sky,
And the wicked stood and trembled,
Filled with wonder and surprise;
Then their faith and works were perfect,
Lo, they followed their great head,
So the city went to heaven,
And the world said, "ZION'S FLED."
3. When the Lord returns with Zion,
And we hear the watchman cry,
Then we'll surely be united,
And we'll all see eye to eye,
Then we'll mingle with the angels,
And the Lord will bless his own;
Then the earth will be as Eden,
And we'll know as we are known.

111. (372) C. M.

1. My God! how wonderful thou art,
Thy Majesty, how bright!
How glorious thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!
2. Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou has stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
3. No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done,
With me thy sinful child.

112. (158) C. M.

1. Our Father who in heaven doth dwell,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.
2. Give us each day our daily bread;
Our trespasses forgive,
As we forgive our fellow men,
May we thy grace receive.
3. And in temptation leave us not:
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
For ever, without end.

113. (463) C. M. (S.H.268)

1. With pity'ng eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld man's helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!—
He came to his relief.
2. Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
3. O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.
4. Angels, assist our mighty joys:
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

114. (135) L. M. (S.H.274)

1. With thankful hearts we meet, O Lord,
To sing thy praise, to hear thy word,
To seek thy face in earnest prayer,
To cast on thee each earthly care.

2. Dear Shepherd of thy chosen flock,
Thy people's shield, their shad'wing rock,
Once more we meet to hear thy voice,
Once more before thee to rejoice.
3. Thy presence, Savior, now we seek,
Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,
Wayworn and tired, we hither come,
Give us a foretaste of our home.

115. (134) L. M. (S.H.274)

1. O thou, at whose almighty word,
The glorious light from darkness
sprung,
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with power the preacher's
tongue.
2. As when of old the waters flowed
Forth from the rock at thy command;
Moses in vain had waved his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.
3. As when the walls of Jericho
Down to the earth at once were cast;
It was thy power that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blast.
4. Thus would we in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone depend;
O, make the gospel's joyful sound
Effectual to the promised end.

116. (664) C. M. (S.H.360)

1. May we, who know the joyful sound,
Still practice what we know;
Not hearers of the word alone,
||:But doers of it too.:||
2. By acts of mercy let us show
We have not heard in vain,

But kindly feel another's woe,
||:And long to ease his pain.:||

3. The widow's heart shall share our joy,
The orphan and oppressed
Shall see we love the sweet employ,
||:To succor the distressed.:||
4. Thankful that we the gospel hear,
And love the joyful sound,
O may the sacred fruits appear,
||:And in our lives abound.:||

117. (695) 3-7s & 5s. (S.H.371)

1. In the dark and cloudy day,
When earth's riches flee away,
And the last hope will not stay;
Savior, comfort me.
2. When the secret idol's gone,
That my poor heart yearned upon,
Desolate, bereft, forlorn;
Savior, comfort me.
3. Thou who wast so sorely tried,
In the darkness crucified:
Bid me in thy love confide;
Savior, comfort me.
4. So shall it be good for me,
Much afflicted now to be,
If thou wilt but tenderly,
Savior, comfort me.

118. (56) C. M.

1. When all thy mercies, O! my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
3. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

119. (59) C. M.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."
2. This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."
3. Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues,
To teach them "God is love."
4. Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

120. (752) L. M. D. (S.H.397)

1. When earth in bondage long had lain,
And darkness o'er the nations reigned,
And all man's precepts proved in vain,
A perfect system to obtain,

CHORUS:

A voice commissioned from on high,
Hark, hark! it is the angel's cry,
Descending from the throne of light,—
His garments shining clear and white.

2. He comes the gospel to reveal
In fullness to benighted man;
Restore the Priesthood, long since lost,
In truth and pow'r as at the first.

CHORUS.

3. Lo! from Cumorah's lonely hill,
There comes a record of God's will,
Translated by the pow'r of God,
His voice bears record to his word.

CHORUS.

4. And now commissioned from on high,
God's servants faith, repentance, cry,
Baptizing as in days of old,
Into one Shepherd and one fold.

CHORUS.

121. (380) C. M. (S.H.415)

1. To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
||:Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.:||
2. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
||:The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.:||
3. His power, increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
||:Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.:||

122. (21) C. M. (S.H.415)

1. Beloved Brethren! sing his praise
Who formed the worlds on high;
||:Who taught the planets where to trace
Their orbits in the sky.:||

2. O sing the fervor of his love—
The wonders of his grace;
||:Who sent the Savior from above
To save a dying race.:||

3. In songs declare the works and ways
Of our Eternal God,
||:Whose kingdom, in these latter days,
Is spreading far abroad.:||

4. In Zion, let his name be praised,
Who hath a feast prepared,
||:The glorious gospel standard raised,
The ancient faith restored.:||

5. Swift heralds the glad news to bear
O'er land and ocean fly,
||:And to the wond'ring world declare
The message from on high.:||

123. (965) L. M. (S.H.481)

1. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long—awake at length,
||:And gird thee with thy Savior's
strength!.:||

2. Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:

Decked in the robes of righteousness,
 ||:Thy glories shall the world confess.:||

3. No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 ||:Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.:||

4. God from on high, has heard thy prayer;
 His hand thy ruin shall repair;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 ||:To guard thee in eternal peace.:||

124. (242) L. M. (S.H.481)

1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 ||:To pay thy morning sacrifice.:||

2. Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
 Live this day, as if 'twere thy last;
 T' improve thy talents take due care;
 ||: 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.:||

3. Let all thy converse be sincere,
 Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
 Think how th' all-seeing God thy ways
 ||:And all thy secret thoughts surveys.:||

4. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part;
 In that rich chorus where they sing,
 ||:"Glory to thee, Eternal King.":||

125. (115) S. M.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord,
 And let **your joys be known**;

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And bow before his throne.

2. Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
3. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

126. (11) S. M.

1. Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come;
The God of peace shall meet thee there,
He makes that house his home.
2. Come to the house of praise
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
3. Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be
dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
4. Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

127. (133) S. M.

1. Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,

And bless thy love and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

2. But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.
3. Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.
4. Lord may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

128. (92) S. M. (S.H.399)

1. Sing to the Lord our might,—
With holy fervor sing!
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.
2. This is his sacred house;
And this his festal day,
When he accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.
3. The Sabbath to our sires
In mercy first was given;
The Church her Sabbath still requires
To teach the truths of heaven.
4. And we like them of old,
Are in earth's wilderness;
And God is now as near his fold
To pity and to bless.

5. Then let us open wide
Our hearts for him to fill;
And he that Israel then supplied,
Will keep his Israel still.

129. (147) C. M. (S.H.391)

1. Oh, Lord! around thine altar now,
To supplicate thy grace,
As children we would humbly bow,
And seek our Father's face.
2. Hide not from us, our Father dear,
Thy gracious smiles, we pray;
But let thy love dispel our fear,
And draw us near to thee.
3. Let thy great light illume our souls,
And guide our erring feet;
Thy Spirit o'er us hold control,
And keep us from deceit.
4. We know, O Lord, without thine aid,
We little good can do;
But when our minds on thee are staid,
Thou bring'st us conqu'ring through.
5. Then, gracious God, accept us now,
From thy great throne above;
Help each to pay his sacred vow,
And fill us with thy love.

130. (71) C. M. (S.H.48)

1. Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you—
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

2. His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
3. His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
1. He bids the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
5. Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
6. He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

131. (114)

7s.

1. Sov'reign and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quick'ning power;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.
2. Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
3. To the anxious soul impart
Hope, all other hopes above,

Stir the dull and harden'd heart
With a longing and a love:

4. Give the struggling, peace for strife,
Give the doubting, light for gloom,
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
5. Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

132. (520) C. M. (S.H.355)

1. O Lord! my best desires fulfill,
And help me to resign
Myself and all things to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at thy command,
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?
3. No,—let me rather freely yield
What most I prize, to thee;
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
4. Thy favor, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
Give what I need; but all things else,
Let wisdom still deny.

133 (362) C. M.

1. God moves in a mysterious way;
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2. Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
3. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
4. Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
6. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own Interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

134. (696) P. M.

1. Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the right;
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right.
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
In the better land rewarded,
||:God speed the right.:||
2. Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right.

Like the good and great in story,
 If they fail, they fail with glory—
 ||:God speed the right.:||

3. Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right;
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right.
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding,
 ||:God speed the right.:||
4. Still their onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right;
 Ev'ry foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right.
 Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 ||:God speed the right.:||

135. (144) 7s. D. (S.H.396)

1. Father, when in love to thee,
 Low we bow the adoring knee;
 When, repentant to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes,
 O, by all the pain and woe
 Suffered by thy Son below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear and answer when we cry.
2. By his birth and early years,
 By his human griefs and fears,
 By his fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness,
 By his vict'ry in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power;

Father, look with pitying eye;
Hear and answer when we cry.

3. By his hour of dark despair,
By his agony of prayer,
By his purple robe of scorn,
By his wounds and crown of thorn,
By his cross, his pangs and cries,
By his perfect sacrifice;
Father, look with pitying eye;
Hear and answer when we cry.

136. (54) C. M.

1. Blest are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalt their hope,
Nor Satan dare condemn.
3. The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

137. (357) C. M.

1. Jehovah, God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
O, may the blessing of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee!
2. If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3. Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
4. In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
Through every age, in ev'ry clime,
Our Father, and our Friend!

138. (518) L. M.

1. Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days!
2. Ashamed of Jesus!—sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this once darkened soul of mine.
3. Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! When I blush be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
4. Ashamed of Christ, my Savior! Nay;
Though I'd no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
5. E'en then—nor is my boasting vain—
E'en then I'd boast a Savior slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

139. (136) L. M. (S.H.274)

1. O Spirit of the living God!
In all the fullness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our sin-laden race.
2. Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word,
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
3. Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with
 might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

140. (155) L. M.

1. My God, I thank thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
2. Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.
3. Many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
4. Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

141. (1031) C. M. (S.H.507)

1. Joy to the world! the Lord will come,
And earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
||:And Saints and angels sing.:||
2. Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
Saints will their songs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
||:Repeat the sounding joy.:||
3. No more will sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;—
He'll come and make his blessings flow
||:Far as the curse was found.:||
4. Rejoice! rejoice! in God Most High,
While Israel spreads abroad
Like stars that glitter in the sky,
||:And ever worship God.:||

142. (346) 4-6s & 2-8s. (S.H.197)

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
2. The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
3. Through all his mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,

And breaks their dark designs;
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sov'reign will.

4. And will this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

143. (691) 7s, 6s & 8s. (S.H.369)

1. Think gently of the erring!
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.
Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path,
We have in weakness trod.
Think gently of the erring!
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.
2. Speak gently to him, brother;
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From mis'ry's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.
Think gently of the erring!
Lord, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet.

144. (99) L. M.

1. The Lord! how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
2. Not half so high 'his power hath spread'
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
3. Not half so far hath nature placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
4. How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
Or, if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!
5. His everlasting love is sure
To all his saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

145. (78) L. M.

1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty your delight.
2. He formed the stars, those heavenly
flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their
names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are
drowned.

3. Sing to the Lord! extol him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor let the drops descend in vain.
4. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.
5. His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

146. (145) L. M.

1. My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home in life's dull way;
O, teach me from my soul to say,
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
2. Though dark my path and hard my lot,
May I be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught:
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
3. If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize; it ne'er was mine;
I only then yield what is thine;
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!
4. And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

147. (350) L. M. (S.H.150)

1. Thou, who canst guide the wand'ring star
Through trackless realms of ether's
space,
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace,
2. In wisdom thou hast placed me here,
Thou, when thou wilt, canst take me
hence,
Ah! while I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defense.
3. To thee my God, to thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By thy command I rise or fall,
In thy protection I confide.

148. (494) 7s. (S.H.213)

1. Lord we plead for faith alone,
Faith which by our works is shown;
God it is who justifies:
Only faith the grace implies.
2. Active faith which lives within,
Conquers earth, and hell, and sin,
Sanctifies, and makes us whole,
Forms new life within the soul.
3. Let us for this faith contend;
Sure salvation is its end:
Heaven already then begun,
Everlasting life is won.
4. Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith which works by love.

149. (390) 7s. (S.H.213)

1. Hark! the herald angels sing,—
“Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
God and sinners reconciled.”
2. Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th’ angelic host proclaim,—
“Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
3. Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.
4. Hail! the heav’n-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
5. Let us then with angels sing,—
“Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,—
• God and sinners reconciled.”

150. (709) 8s & 7s.

1. With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.
2. While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of ev’ry station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.
3. Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her Monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

151. (708) 8s & 7s.

1. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Thinking not 'tis thrown away;
God himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.
2. Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.
3. Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous God will send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.
4. Give then freely of thy substance—
O'er this cause the Lord doth reign;
Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,
Thou shalt labor not in vain.

152. (286) 4-6s & 2-8s. (S.H.207)

1. Welcome, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires and fleeting toys,
||:I soar to reach immortal joys.:||
2. Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
||:And learn to know and fear the Lord.:||
3. Descend, Celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
||:Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.:||

153. (379) 4-6s & 2-8s. (S.H.207)

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heav'nly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heaven is known;
||:Loud sound the harps around the
throne.:||

2. Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh,—
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
||:He comes with messages of grace.:||

3. Bear, bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show:
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
||:Bear the glad news from pole to pole.:||

4. Strike! strike the harps again,
To greet Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
His grace aloud proclaim!
Angels and men, wake ev'ry string,
||:'Tis God the Savior's name we sing!:||

154. (348) 7s. D.

1. Father! thy paternal care
Has my guardian been, my guide!
Ev'ry hallowed wish and prayer
Has thy hand of love supplied;
Thine is ev'ry thought of bliss
Left by hours and days gone by;
Ev'ry hope thy offspring is,
Beaming from futurity.

2. Ev'ry sun of splendid ray,
 Ev'ry moon that shines serene,
Ev'ry morn that welcomes day,
 Ev'ry evening's twilight scene,
Ev'ry hour which wisdom brings,
 Ev'ry incense at thy shrine,
These,—and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest, all are thine.
3. And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne;
Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied,—righteous One!
Through life's strange vicissitude,
 There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
 Fixed, and cheered, and counseled there.

155. (431) 4-6s & 2-8s. (S.H.239)

1. Yes! the Redeemer rose,
 The Savior left the dead,
And o'er Satanic foes
 High raised his conqu'ring head;
 In wild dismay,
 The guards around
 Fall to the ground,
 And sink away.
2. Behold th' angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet;
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their way
 From realms of day
 To Jesus' tomb.
3. Then back to heaven they fly,
 The joyful news to bear—

Hark!—as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say:
“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
He rose to-day.”

4. Ye mortals! catch the sound—
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry:
“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;
No more to die.”

156. (970) 11s & 10s. (S.H.482)

1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have
lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and
mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.
2. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad
morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage return-
ing!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision
behold.
3. Lo, in the desert-wild rich flowers are
springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing!
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in
song.

4. See from all lands, from the isles of the
ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the
sky.

157. (105) L. M. (S.H.236)

1. With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
2. How sure established is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.
3. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high,
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
4. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would
dwell;
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

158. (720) 11s & 8s. (S.H.381)

1. Redeemer of Israel,
Our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call:
Our shadow by day,
And our pillar by night,
Our king, our companion, our all.
2. We know he is coming
To gather his sheep,
And plant them in Zion, in love;

For why in the valley
Of death should they weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3. How long we have wandered
As strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for thee!
Our foes have rejoiced
When our sorrows they've seen:
But Israel will shortly be free.

4. As children of Zion,
Good tidings for us;
The tokens already appear;
Fear not and be just,
For the kingdom is ours,
And the hour of redemption is near.

159. (205) 6s & 5s. D. (S.H.23)

1. Begone! unbelief, my Savior is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will
perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.
2. Though dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely
prevail.
3. His love in time past forbids me to
think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to bring me
quite through.

4. Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present; 'twill cease
before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's
song.

160. (427) 7s. (S.H.219)

1. Angels! roll the rock away! Hallelujah!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey! Halle-
lujah!
See!—he rises from the tomb; Halle-
lujah!
Rises with immortal bloom; Hallelujah!
2. 'Tis the Savior—seraphs, raise Halle-
lujah!
Your triumphant shout of praise; Halle-
lujah!
Let the earth's remotest bound Halle-
lujah!
Hear the joy-inspiring sound; Halle-
lujah!
3. Lift, ye saints—lift up your eyes; Halle-
lujah!
Now to glory see him rise! Hallelujah!
Hosts of angels on the road; Hallelujah!
Hail and sing their rising Lord; Halle-
lujah!
4. Heaven unfolds its portals wide; Halle-
lujah!
Gracious conqu'ror, through them ride;
Hallelujah!
King of glory! mount thy throne; Halle-
lujah!
Boundless empire is thine own; Halle-
lujah!

5. Praise him all ye heavenly choirs; Halle-
lujah!
Praise him, sweep your golden lyres;
Hallelujah!
Praise him in the noblest songs; Halle-
lujah!
Praise him with ten thousand tongues;
Hallelujah!

161. (759) C. M. (S.H.402)

1. I saw a mighty angel fly;
To earth he bent his way,
A message bearing from on high,
To cheer the sons of day.
2. Truth is the tidings which he bears—
The gospel's joyful sound,
To calm our doubts, to chase our fears,
And make our joys abound.
3. He cries, and with a mighty voice;
Ye nations, lend an ear:
Let isles and continents rejoice;
The great Redeemer's near.
4. He cries, let ev'ry tongue attend,
And thrones and empires all,
Fear God, and make the King your
Friend.
The King, the Lord of all.
5. Fear God, and worship him who made
The heavens, and earth, and sea;
Fear him on whom your sins were laid—
Who died to make you free.

162. (35) C. M. (S.H.402)

1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell below the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
5. The whole creation join in one;
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

163. (748) 7s, or 6-7s. (S.H.245)

1. Hark! ye mortals. Hist! be still,
||:Voices from Cumorah's hill,:||
Break the silence of the tomb,
Penetrate the dreadful gloom.—
Gently whisper, "All is well,
Now is the day of Israel."
2. Now the Gentile reign is o'er,
||:Darkness covers earth no more;:||
Now shall Zion rise and shine,
Fill the world with light divine.
Angels join—the tidings tell,
Now is the day of Israel.
3. Thrones shall totter, Babel fall,
||:Satan reign no more at all;:||
Saints shall gain the victory,
Truth prevail o'er land and sea.
Hallelujah, all is well,
Now is the day of Israel.

4. Jesus soon shall come again,
||:Saints with him shall rise and reign,:||
Heaven and earth in songs combine,
All the worlds in chorus join.
Ev'ry tongue the music swell,
Now is the day of Israel.

164. (1115) P. M.

1. We come with joy the truth to teach you,
To sow the seed in ev'ry heart;
We hope the evidence may reach you,
That from all error you may part.
Receive ye the word,
As taught by the Lord
Who came to the world to save you;
The one blessed way,
Which, if we obey,
Will lead us to his throne.
2. We hope in ev'ry land God lightens,
True, honest-hearted souls to find;
With such, the hope in Jesus brightens,
No tale of evil clouds their mind.
The gospel is sent;
Be faithful, repent;
Baptized, and the Lord will save you;
God's own blessed plan
Revealed unto man,
To lead him to his throne.
3. Such principles as these we cherish,
The laying on of hands with the rest;
For not one single word shall perish
From the law designed to make men
blest.
For even the dead,
Our Master has said,

Shall rise by the power that saves us,
To meet us again,
In the gathering, when
We stand before his throne.

165. (206) S. M.

1. Where wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?
2. Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?
3. No, place thy trust above
This shadowed realm of night,
In him whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.
4. His mercies will endure
When skies and stars grow dim;
His changeless promise standeth sure,—
Go, cast thy care on him.

166. (156) S. M.

1. To God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray fervently, and never faint;
Pray humbly, meekly pray.
2. In fellowship,—alone,—
To God in faith draw near;
Approach his courts, address his throne
With all the power of prayer:

3. Go to his temple, go,
All doubtings hence remove;
Let every house his worship know,
And ev'ry heart his love.
4. Confess your sins to God,
And contrite bow the knee;
Spread forth your hands, and pray aloud
That Zion may be free.
5. Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In love for human kind.

167. (94) 8s, 8s & 6s. (S.H.295)

1. How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
Divinely drawn to follow thee,
Our hours divided are
Betwixt the mount and multitude;
Our day is spent in doing good,
||:Our night in praise and prayer.:||
2. With us no melancholy void,
No period lingers unemployed,
Or unimproved below;
Our weariness of life is gone,
Who live to serve our God alone,
||:And only thee to know.:||
3. The winter's night and summer's day
Glide imperceptibly away,
Too short to sing thy praise;
Too few we find the happy hours,
And haste to join those heavenly powers,
||:In everlasting lays.:||
4. With all who chant thy name on high,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
A bright, harmonious throng!
We long thy praises to repeat,

And sing around thy mercy-seat,
||:The new, eternal song.:||

168. (1083) 12s.

1. You may sing of the beauty of mountain
and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of
the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth
can afford
Is the place of devotion—the house of
the Lord.
2. You may boast of the sweetness of day's
early dawn,
Of the skies' softening graces where day
is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can
compare
With the house of devotion—the season
of prayer.
3. You may value the friendship of youth
and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble
and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on
life's rugged road
Are the friends of my Master—the chil-
dren of God.
4. You may talk of your prospects of fame
or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the
fav'rites of health,

But the hope of bright glory—of
heavenly bliss,
Take away every other, and give me but
this.

5. Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my
Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from
thy word;
I will walk to the altar with those that
I love,
And delight in the prospect revealed
from above.

169. (418) 11s.

1. Thou sweet gliding Cedron, by thy silver
stream,
Our Savior at midnight, when Cynthia's
pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would fre-
quently stray,
And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the
day.

CHORUS:

Come saints and adore him, come bow at his
feet,
O! give him the glory, the praise that is
meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

2. How damp were the vapors that fell on
his head,
How hard was his pillow—how humble
his bed,
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the
sight,
And followed their Master with solemn
delight.

CHORUS.

3. O garden of Olivet, dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be
forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of
love.

CHORUS.

170. (30) 11s.

1. O Jesus! the giver
Of all we enjoy,
Our lives to thy honor
We wish to employ;
With praises unceasing,
We'll sing of thy name,
Thy goodness ne'er ceasing,
Thy love we'll proclaim.
2. The wonderful name
Of our Jesus we'll sing,
And publish the fame
Of our Captain and King;
With sweet exultation,
His goodness we prove,
His name is Salvation,
His nature is Love.
3. With joy we remember
The dawn of that day,
When, led by the Spirit,
The truth to obey,
The light dawned upon us,
And filled us with love;
The Spirit's sure witness,
Sent down from above.
4. We now are enlisted
In Jesus' bless'd cause,

Divinely assisted
 To conquer our foes;
 His grace will support us
 Till conflicts are o'er,
 He then will escort us
 To Zion's bright shore.

171. (443) C. M. D. (S.H.250)

1. Beyond the glit'ring starry sky,
 Which God's right hand sustains,
 There, in the boundless world of light,
 Our great Redeemer reigns.
 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
 In countless armies shine,
 ||:At his right hand, with golden harps,
 They offer songs divine.:||
2. "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
 Whose unexampled love,
 Moved thee to quit these blissful realms
 And royalties above!"
 While from the sons of men on earth
 He suffered rude disdain,
 ||:They threw their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.:||
3. Through all his travels here below,
 They did his steps attend;
 Oft gazed, and wondered where, at
 length,
 This scene of love would end.
 They heard him in the garden groan,
 And saw his sweat of blood;
 ||:They saw his pierced hands and feet
 Nailed to the cursed wood.:||
4. They saw him break the bars of death,
 Which none e'er broke before;
 And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
 To stoop to death no more.

They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
||:And with a shout, exulting cried,
"The glorious work is done!":||

172. (371)**L. M.**

1. Be with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow way.
2. Prevent me lest I harbor pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
3. Enrich me always with thy love;
My kind protector ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
4. O, may I never do my will,
But thine and only thine fulfill;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

173. (169)**L. M.**

1. God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint!
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor.
3. Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4. That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.
5. Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee:
Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not.

174. (903) 7s, 6s & 4s. (S.H.451)

1. Home, home, shineth before us!
When, when shall we get there?
Long, long, here we have wandered,
Burdened with sorrow and care;
Home, home, sweet home—
Sorrow breathes not in its air.
2. Home, home, there in thy bowers,
Sweet, sweet music shall swell;
Sin, sin never can enter;
Peace in each bosom shall dwell.
Home, home, sweet home—
Peace in each bosom shall dwell.
3. Home, home, rest to the weary,
Peace, peace to the torn breast;
Hope, hope, hope of the erring—
There in thy bosom he'll rest!
Home, home, sweet home—
There will the wanderers rest.
4. Home, home, bliss to the parted;
Friends, friends meet on its shore,
Here, here lonely they've left us;
Soon we'll be parted no more,
Home, home, sweet home—
Friends will be parted no more.

5. Home, home, let us now hasten,
 See, see angels above!
 Hark, hark, now do they call us,
 Home to their dwelling of love,
 Home, home, sweet home—
 Home of our Savior's kind love.

175.

10s & 4s.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
 gloom,
 Lead thou me on;
 The night is dark and I am far from
 home,
 Lead thou me on.
 Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for
 me.
2. I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
 I loved to choose and see my path, but
 now
 Lead thou me on.
 I loved the garish day; and, spite of
 fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past
 years.
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure
 it still
 Will lead me on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
 till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel faces
 smile,
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost
 awhile.

176. (336) 10s. D. (S.H.190)

1. Send forth the sowers,—each hamlet and plain

Waits for the seed which thy messengers bear;

Send forth the sowers,—but send not in vain,

Give to their sowing thy fatherly care.

CHORUS:

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send once again,

Now is the seedtime of Life and of Peace;

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send ||:once again,:||

Sowing the world for the Harvest of Peace.

2. Send forth the sowers, Lord, send to the Isles,

Scatter the seed where the Gentile doth dwell;

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send while thy smiles

Give to the seed sown their life-giving spell.

CHORUS.

3. Send forth the sowers, Lord, send them afar;

Send to the sinful, the weary and worn;

Send forth the sowers, Lord, send while the star

Of Bethlehem's King to the zenith is borne.

CHORUS.

177. (946) P. M. (S.H.468)

1. Israel, awake from thy long, silent
slumber,
Shake off the fetters that bound thee
so long;
Chains of oppression! we'll break them
asunder,
And join with the ransomed in victory's
song!
Arise! for the time has come,
Israel must gather home,
High on the mountains the Ensign
we see;]
Fall'n is the Gentile pow'r,
Soon will its reign be o'er,
Tyrants must rule no more,
Israel is Free!

2. Tremble ye nations of Gentiles, for
yonder

The hosts of the despot in battle array,
With engines of war shake the earth with
their thunder,—

The bright sword is drawn and the
sheath thrown away!

Sound the alarm of war,

Through nations near and far,

Let its dread tones be heard o'er
land and sea;

Zion shall dwell in peace,

Israel will still increase,

Liberty ne'er shall cease,

Israel is Free!

3. Hail to the land of the mountain and
prairie,

Gather to Zion's fair home in the west;

Free are her sons as the breeze round the
aerie,
Birthplace of prophets and home of
the blest.
There will the saints be one,
Thither we'll gather home,
Zion, thy beauties we're yearning
to see,
Saints raise the heav'nly song,
Join with the ransomed throng,
Angels the notes prolong,
Israel is Free!

178. (85) 8s & 7s. (S.H.148)

1. Praise the Savior, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love:
Be his Kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
2. See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around,
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.
3. With my substance I will honor
My redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

179. (190) 8s & 7s. D. (S.H.294)

1. God is marshaling his army
For the rescue of his truth,
He is calling now to battle,
Both the aged and the youth.
You can hear his mighty summons
In the thunder of his word—
Let us then be valiant soldiers,
In the army of the Lord!
2. Let the watchman in the tower
Keep his post with sleepless eyes;
Let the private out on picket
Guard against the least surprise;
For the order is for ever,
To be ready at a word;
There must be no sleeping soldiers,
In the army of the Lord!
3. 'Tis a war that calls for valor;
'Tis a conflict with the world;
There can be no furlough granted;
Never must the flag be furled.
We can never cease the conflict,
Till the summons home be heard,
We have all for life enlisted,
In the army of the Lord.
4. Let us not be weary, comrades!
Let us faint not by the way!
Though the night be long and dreary,
Soon will dawn millennium's day.
Let us keep the camp-fires blazing,
Let us sound abroad his word:
There are glorious vict'ries coming
For the army of the Lord.

180. (434) P. M. (S. H. 242)

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man can not
die.

Vain were the terrors that gathered
around him,
And short the dominion of death and
the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness
that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
“The Savior hath risen, and man shall
not die.”

2. Glory to God in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us, death, can not
destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with
to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death
were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley
of sorrow,
We'll rise from the dead and immortal
ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
die.

181. (517) C. M. (S.H.286)

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
2. Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
In him I place my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
3. Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4. Then will he give me a new name,
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

CODA. *After last verse.*

We'll praise the Lord on high,
 And hallelujahs sing,
 To him who rules both earth and sky,
 The Lord our sov'reign King.

182. (1078) P. M. (S.H.524)

1. 'Tis a glorious thing to be,
 In the light, in the light,
 Which the saints of old did see,
 The true light of God;
 Revelation's holy light,
 Is the light, is the light,
 And all else is dark as night,
 Save this light of God.

REFRAIN:

Let us walk in the light,
 In the light, in the light,
 Let us walk in the light,
 In the light of God.

2. Long the earth in darkness lay,
 Without light, with light,
 But the darkness fled away,
 Before the light of God.
 God has spoken from on high,
 This the light, this the light,
 And now bids the world some nigh,
 To this light of God.

REFRAIN.

3. Prophets are restored again,
 In the light, in the light,

And the gospel gifts to men,
In the light of God;
Blessings to the ancients given,
In the light, in the light,
Are again received from heaven,
In the light of God.

REFRAIN.

4. Let us keep our spirits pure,
In the light, in the light,
And unto the end endure
In the light of God;
Then when Jesus comes again,
In the light, in the light,
We shall live and with him reign,
In the light of God.

REFRAIN.

183. (79) C. M.

1. Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
2. No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound!
Pleasures and safety, peace and praise
Through all the path are found.
3. A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
4. There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
When sorrow, sighing, and distress
Like shadows all are fled.

184. (1066) 8s & 7s. D. (S.H.522)

1. Shall we meet by life's pure river,
Where pellucid waters glide?
'Mid the healing leaves and flowers
That in beauty do abide?
Where salvation's blessed harpings
Float in holy melody?
Where the monthly fruits are ripening
Upon life's immortal tree?

2. Shall we meet with Christ our Savior,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor
And sit down upon his throne?
Will he bid us share his glory,
Where no shame shall ever be?
Will he bid us sing his praises,
On that radiant crystal sea?

3. Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?
Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

4. Shall we meet with those invited
To the marriage of the Lamb?
Who shall then put on their glory,
And forget their earthly shame?
Shall we meet the shining myriads
Who the songs of glory sing?
Shall our voices join their praises
To the everlasting King?

185. (1024) P. M. (S.H.502)

1. Lift up your heads, ye heirs of glory,
Cast aside your doubts and fears;
He who called you to his kingdom,
Soon will reign a thousand years.

CHORUS:

A thousand years, children of Zion,
The glorious day so long foretold;
'Tis the morn of Zion's glory,
Sung of by saints in days of old.

2. What if the hour of pain and sorrow
Bring to your eyes most bitter tears?
God will wipe tears from all faces,
In that day of a thousand years.

CHORUS.

3. Signs of which there's no mistaking,
Tell that the day of glory nears,
When Satan bound shall cease his conflict
With saints, throughout a thousand
years.

CHORUS.

4. The budding fig-tree tells that summer
With its rip'ning harvest nears;
So the times as plainly teach us
The day's at hand,—a thousand years.

CHORUS.

5. Come, Jesus, come and reign victorious;
Come with prophets, martyrs, seers:
Come and take us home to Zion;
Come and reign a thousand years.

CHORUS.

186. (1063) P. M. or 9s. (S.H.516)

1. This world will be blessed by and by;
 By our faith we can see it afar;
 For our Father has said by the word,
 He'll prepare us inheritance here.

REFRAIN:

In the sweet by and by,
 We'll inherit this beautiful world,
 In the sweet by and by,
 We'll inherit this beautiful world.

2. No ravenous beasts will be there,
 Neither brier nor thorn will be found;
 For the Spirit of God will be given,
 And his knowledge be spread all
 around.

REFRAIN.

3. We will sing in this beautiful world,
 The glorious song of the Lamb;
 Clad in white, walk the streets of pure
 gold,
 In the light of our Father I AM.

REFRAIN.

4. To our bounteous Father above,
 We will render our tribute of praise;
 For this glorious gift of his love,
 And the gospel of these latter days.

REFRAIN.

187. C. M.

1. I know that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me:
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2. I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
3. He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.
4. Jesus, I hang upon thy word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

188. (896) P. M. (S. H. 448)

1. O how sweet is the soul-cheering thought,
There is rest for the pure and the
good;
'Tis the rest that the Savior has bought,
By the shedding of his precious blood

CHORUS:

There'll be rest, by and by,
With the saints in their glorified home,
There'll be rest, by and by,
With the saints in their glorified home.

2. He has gone as he said, to prepare
For the tempted, the tried, and the
true;
A mansion more glorious and fair,
Than the children of earth ever knew.

CHORUS.

3. Now we walk through a valley of tears,
And our spirits are burdened and sad;
But the end of our pilgrimage nears,
So we lift up our heads and are glad.

CHORUS.

189. (364) C. M.

1. Lord! thou art good: all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.
2. The whole, and ev'ry part proclaims
Thine infinite good-will;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And blooms on ev'ry hill.
3. We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.
4. My admiration let it raise!
My best affections move!
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love!

190. (925) 9s & 8s. D. (S.H.462)

1. Blest angels, we greet you with gladness,
Ye dwellers of bright realms above,
We'll banish all feelings of sadness,
And list to your tidings of love;
Our hearts rise in grateful devotion
To God, for his wisdom and light;
These gifts shall subdue all commotion,
And make the earth peaceful and bright.
2. With souls overflowing with kindness,
Ye speed on your mission divine
To mortals, now groping in blindness,
To lead them to Truth's holy shrine.
Ye breathe of our Father in Heaven,
And whisper of infinite love,
Till chains of dark bigotry's riven,
And thought soars to regions above.

3. Oh, we will love Freedom for ever,
And guided by Truth's holy light,
We'll turn from her radiance never,
Her glories so sparkling and bright.
Oh, angels, we welcome you gladly,
Ye messengers bright from on high,
No more can our thoughts wander sadly,
We feel that your love can not die.

191. (1056) P. M. (S.H.520)

1. Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Will open those pearly gates to me.

REFRAIN:

- Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.
2. Beautiful world where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
Zion shall to the new earth come;
Home of the saints, beautiful home.

REFRAIN.

3. Beautiful crowns on ev'ry brow,
Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

REFRAIN.

4. Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,

Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease,
 Beautiful home in perfect peace;
 There shall my eyes the Savior see,
 Happy with him for ever be.

REFRAIN.

192. (441) 8s, 6s & 2-8s (S.H.115)

1. How calm and beautiful the morn,
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where once the crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom!
 O weep no more the Savior slain;
 The Lord is risen—he lives again.
2. Ye mourning saints, dry ev'ry tear
 For your departed Lord;
 "Behold the place—he is not here,"
 The tomb is all unbarred:
 The gates of death were closed in vain;
 The Lord is risen—he lives again.

193. (48) S. M. (S.H.104)

1. To him who reigns on high,
 ||:Whom heavenly hosts adore,:||
 The sov'reign Lord of earth and sky,
 ||:Be glory evermore,:||
 The sov'reign Lord of earth and sky,
 Be glory evermore.
2. Let Saints their voices raise,
 ||:His wondrous love to sing,:||
 Conspire with one accord to praise
 ||:Their Father and their King.:||
 Conspire with one accord to praise
 Their Father and their King.
3. Extol the wisdom great
 ||:That framed salvation's scheme,:||
 Which "upright man" could first create,

||:And "fallen man" redeem.:||
Which "upright man" could first create,
And "fallen man" redeem.

4. Sing of the glorious time
||:When all will own his sway,:||
And sing his praise in songs sublime,
||:In realms of endless day,:||
And sing his praise in songs sublime,
In realms of endless day.

194. (20) S. M. (S.H.104)

1. Awake, and sing the song
||:Of Moses and the Lamb;:||
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
||:To praise the Savior's name.:||
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Savior's name.
2. Sing of his dying love,
||:Sing of his rising power;:||
Sing how he intercedes above
||:For those whose sins he bore.:||
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
3. Sing, till we feel the heart
||:Ascending with the tongue;:||
Let ev'ry meaner joy depart,
||:And grace inspire the song.:||
Let ev'ry meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.
4. Sing on your heavenly way,
||:Ye ransomed sinners, sing;:||
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
||:In Christ, th' Eternal King:||
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' Eternal King.

195.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
2. Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

196. (898) P. M. (S.H.447)

1. We are wand'ring here as strangers,
And as exiles from our home,
And beset with many dangers,
While as pilgrim-like we roam.

CHORUS:

- ||:There is rest for the weary,:||
There is rest for you.
In the land where none are dying,
Where no broken hearts are sighing,
In the spirit's happy Zion,
There is rest for you.
2. Though the world may all forsake us,
And may hate us and despise;

And although our faith may make us
Look degraded in their eyes;

CHORUS.

3. Though our friends may spurn us from
 them,
 Though our foes their anger show;
We will pray the Lord, "Forgive them;
For they know not what they do."

CHORUS.

4. But how little do they know us,
 And still less our blessings prize;
Yet our God and Father loves us,
 And we're precious in his eyes.

CHORUS.

5. We are getting nearer, nearer,
 To our fair and happy home,
And the way is growing clearer.
 Since the gospel light is come.

CHORUS.

197. (661) S. M.

1. O arm me with the mind,
 Savior, that was in thee!
And let my fervid zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.
2. Control my ev'ry thought;
 My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought;
 Let all be wrought in love.
3. Oh! may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove!
To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

198. (1118) 8s. D. (S.H.542)

1. As musing, I sat all alone,
 When the day's busy work I had done,
 As the sun's golden rays disappeared,
 And darkness her reign had begun,
 I thought of the next better state,
 When the body and spirit would be
 ||:United to dwell with the just,
 Immortal, eternal, and free.:||

2. I scarce could refrain shedding tears
 Of anguish, and bitterness too,
 When man's low estate did appear
 Heartrending and sad to my view.
 Once more the bright vision appeared,
 So glorious, enchanting to me,
 ||:My sadness was soon all dispelled,
 My mind from its bondage set free.:||

3. My fancy then painted the scene
 That prophets had seen from afar,
 When Jesus would reign with his saints,
 Hosannas to God rend the air.
 When peace like a river would flow,
 And strife and confusion ne'er be
 ||:In the Saints' everlasting abode,—
 The home of the happy and free.:||

4. Confusion and hate were not there,
 No jealousy, anger, nor strife;
 Pure love beamed brightly from all,
 In endless and glorious life.
 My musing was sweet unto me,
 And peace prevailed over my breast;
 ||:My spirit felt tranquil and free,
 As calmly I lay down to rest.:||

199. (149) 6-7s.

1. O thou God who hearest prayer
Ev'ry hour and ev'rywhere!
For his sake, whose blood we plead,
Hear us in our hour of need:
Only hide not now thy face,
God of all-sufficient grace.
2. Hear and save us, gracious Lord!
For our trust is in thy word;
Cleanse us from the stain of sin,
That thy peace may rule within:
May each know himself thy child,
Ransomed, pardoned, reconciled.
3. Leave us not, our Strength, our Trust!
Oh, remember we're but dust!
Leave us not again to stray;
Leave us not the tempter's prey;
Fix our hearts on things above;
Make us happy in thy love.

200. (378) 11s. & 10s. (S.H.208)

1. Hail the blest morn, when the great
Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory de-
scends,
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the
manger;
Lo! for his guard, the bright angels
attend.

REFRAIN:

Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us
thine aid.
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was
laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Wise men and shepherds before him do fall.

REFRAIN.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden, and off'rings divine,
Gems from the mountains, and pearls from the ocean;
Myrrh from the forest, and gold and from the mine?

REFRAIN.

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold we his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

REFRAIN.

201. (182) C. M. (S.H.391)

1. Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
2. Must I be borne to Paradise,
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

202. (685) C. M. D. (S.H.368)

1. ||:Speak gently,:|| it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.
Speak gently to the young,—for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
2. ||:Speak gently:|| to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.
Speak gently to the erring ones,—
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.
3. ||:Speak gently,:|| 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.
Speak gently,—it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

203. (487) C. M.

1. Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father! oh, more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!
2. Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,

And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.

3. That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—
4. Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host,
Encamping round about.

204. (653) C. M.

1. Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
2. O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!
3. When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
4. So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

205. (703) 8s & 7s. D.

1. Brother, is life's morning clouded?
Has its sunlight ceased to shine?
Is the earth in darkness shrouded?
Dost thou at thy lot repine?
Cheer up, brother, let thy vision
Look above; see, light is near;

Soon will come the next transition,
||:Trust in God and persevere.:||

2. Brother, has life's hope receded?
Hast thou sought its joys in vain?
Friends proved false when mostly needed?
Foes rejoiced to see thy pain?
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing
Waiting for thee; never fear;
Foes forgiving, sins confessing,
|:Trust in God and persevere.:||
3. Brother, all things round are calling
With united voice, be strong;
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,
They must lose their strength ere long:
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles
Drive thee near to dark despair,
Soon they'll vanish like a bubble,
||:Trust in God and persevere.:||
4. He from his high throne in heaven,
Watches ev'ry step you take;
He will see each fetter riven,
Which your foes in fury make:
Yes, my brother, he has power
To dry up the bitter tear;
And though darkest tempests lower,
||:Trust in God and persevere.:||

206. (196) 6s & 4s. D.

1. Beneath the darkest cloud,
God's hand I see;
Although it be a shroud
That sheweth me.
Still let not sorrow's part
E'er change my loving heart,
His mercy heal the smart
That woundeth me.

2. If wounded sore, I faint,
 Lord, comfort me;
Still let me be a saint,
 Loved still of thee.
Indulge me with the thought
To find the pardon sought,
By blood of Jesus bought,
 That saveth me.
3. If 'neath my woes I fall,
 Tried unto death,
Still let me on thee call
 While I have breath.
O let me on thee call,
Thou God and friend of all;
Nor sin my cry forestall—
 My God to thee.
4. Through blinding tears, thy smile,
 My God, I see;
It cheers me still, the while
 Thou chast'neth me.
By it I know thee near;
Nor can I doubt or fear,
Forgive me ev'ry tear,
 For love to thee.
- 207.** (900) 7s & 6s. D. (S.H.450)
1. There is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
 A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
 Are mortals nevermore.

REFRAIN:

Home, beautiful home,
 Bright, beautiful home;

Home, home of the ransomed,
Bright, beautiful home.

2. Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message,
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

REFRAIN.

3. Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death, like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

REFRAIN.

208. (146) C. M.

1. Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:
2. "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
3. "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

209. (626) P. M. (S.H.339)

1. Think of me when at the altar of prayer;

Think thou of me—think thou of me:

When at the mercy-seat—think of me
there—

Think thou of me—pray for me.

Pray that with courage I onward may go,

Spreading the news of salvation below,

Plucking poor rebels from sin and from
woe,

Think thou of me—pray for me.

2. And at the call of the church-going bell,

Think thou of me—think thou of me:

Think of the place where the holy shall
dwell;

Think thou of me—pray for me—

Pray that with all of the rapturous
throng

Who on Mount Zion repeat their glad
song,

I may at last to the Savior belong;

Think thou of me—pray for me.

3. When the bright morn with her glory
comes in,

Think thou of me—think thou of me:

Pray that my soul may be kept from all
sin:

Think thou of me—pray for me—

Pray that through life I may walk in his
love,

Who to redeem me came down from
above;

Pray that the world his salvation may
prove.

Think thou of me—pray for me.

4. When quiet eve throws around thee her
shade

Think thou of me—think thou of me:

Think of the friendly requests I have
made;

Think thou of me—pray for me—
Pray that when life and its sorrows are
o'er,

We may both meet on a happier shore;
When we meet there we shall never part
more;

Think thou of me—pray for me.

5. When you may hear of my fast failing
breath,

Think then of me—pray then for me.
Pray that the Lord may be with me in
death,

Think then of me—pray for me.
Pray that with joy I may finish my race;
Triumph at last in the strength of his
grace;

Rise up to heaven in raptures of praise:
Think then of me—think of me.

210. (74) L. M.

1. Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
Thy saints adore thy holy name;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And humbly thy protection claim.
2. Thy hand has raised us from the dust;
The breath of life thy Spirit gave.
Where, but in thee, can mortals trust!
Who, but our God, has power to save!
3. Here, at the portal of thy house,
We leave our mortal hopes and fears;
Answer our prayer; and bless our vows,
Accept our praise, and dry our tears.
4. So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter and still brighter ray,

Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

211. (721) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.383)

1. Yes! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God—the mighty God is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land;
||:When he chooses,:||
||:Darkness flies at his command.:||
2. While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
Christ, the Savior, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
||:Ev'ry language,:||
||:Soon shall tell the love of God.:||
3. Oh! 'tis pleasant—'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
||:Those enlight'ning,:||
||:Who in death and darkness lay.:||
4. God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world—in ev'ry land,
||:Then shall idols,:||
||:Perish, Lord, at thy command.:||

212. (49) L. M.

1. O thou to whom, in ancient time,
The Psalmist's sacred harp was strung,
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue!
2. Not now, on Zion's height alone
The favored worshiper may dwell;

Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
Sat, weary, by the patriarch's well.

3. From ev'ry place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart may rise
To heaven and find acceptance there.

213. (1006) P. M.

1. The saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus, returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the valleys,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain.

CHORUS:

Then praise ye the Lord for ever and aye,
For glory and honor are his;
With songs and flowers we'll strew the
glad way.
For roses and lilies are his.

2. By the side of the murmuring waters,
The roses in beauty shall grow,
And Zion adorning her daughters,
Shall dress them in lilies of snow.

CHORUS.

3. Her walls shall be covered with roses,
Her streets be with violets lined,
Her temples shall glitter with jewels,
The columns with lilies be twined.

CHORUS.

4. Our Father, who clotheth the lilies,
And giveth the roses their hue,
Will watch o'er his flocks in the valleys,
His word and his counsel are true.

CHORUS.

5. Then let us be pure as the lilies,
 And joyous and glad as the rose,
 So when Jesus selecteth his jewels,
 In Zion we'll find our repose.

CHORUS.

214. (238) L. M. (S.H.147)

1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

215. (222) L. M.

1. From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to
 shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

216. 8s. D.

1. This God is the God we adore,
 Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
 Whose love is as large as his power,
 And knows not beginning, nor end.
 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
 Whose Spirit will guide us safe home;
 We'll praise him for all that is past,
 And trust him for all that's to come.

217. (229) 7s. D. (S.H.145)

1. Brethren, breathe one fervent prayer,
 Ere from hence our footsteps tend,
 To the Prince upon whose care,
 All our hopes and joys depend.

Look beneath, around, above,
All is filled with blessed peace;
'Tis the gift of God's best love,—
Pray that love may still increase.

2. Go with rev'rent purpose hence,
Strengthened, helped by Spirit's power;
Christ is Helper, Strength, Defense;
Bless him for this peaceful hour.
Look with chastened heart before;
See! the clouds are silver lined!
What assurance need we more?
"God is ever true and kind."

218. (221) C. M. (S.H.91)

1. Lord, let thy blessing rest in peace
Upon us ere we part,
Nor let that blessing ever cease
To cheer the contrite heart.
2. Let us go hence in deepest thought—
Upon thy bounteous love,
To find how much that love has wrought,
To lift our souls above.
3. We go from out these hallowed walls,
To toil in wearying care;
To seek supplies for daily calls,
And daily burthens bear.
4. Cheer us, blest Lord, for daily tasks,
That we may love and live;
For peace, each saint in parting asks,
The peace that Christ can give.

219. (216) 8s & 7s.

1. Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day,
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2. Have we wandered? oh, forgive us;
Have we wished from truth to rove?
Turn, oh, turn us, and receive us,
And incline us thee to love.

220. (233) 8s & 7s.

1. May the grace of Christ our Savior,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

221. (215) 10s & 11s.

1. O Jesus, our Lord, thy name be adored,
For all the rich blessings conveyed in thy
word;
Believing, we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.
2. Thrice happy are they who hear and
obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel
day,
That blessing be mine, through favor
divine;
And, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

222. (219) S. M. (S.H.143)

1. To God the only wise,
Who keeps us by his word,
Be glory now and evermore,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
2. Hosanna to the Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
And ever bless his name.

3. The grace of Christ our Lord,
The Father's boundless love,
The Spirit's blest communion, too,
Be with us from above.

223. (231) 8s, 7s & 4s. (S.H.60)

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
||:O refresh us:||
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
||:Ever faithful:||
To the truth may we be bound.

224. (237) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit!
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed,
||:From the gospel:||
Now supply thy people's need.
2. Oh, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to give!
Let us all thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
||:And for ever:||
To thy praise and glory live.

225. (214) 7s. (S.H.246)

1. For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2. Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
3. Then if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

226. (217) 7s. (S.H.246)

1. Father of our spirits! hear
Faith's effectual, fervent prayer;
Hear, and our petitions seal;
Let us now the answer feel.
2. Life of all that lives below!
Let thy Spirit in us flow;
Let us all thy life receive,
From thee, in thee, ever live.

227. (213) S. M. (S.H.138)

1. O God! with thanks unfeigned,
We bless thee for thy word;
We praise thee for the joyful news,
Which our glad ears have heard.
2. Oh, may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and holy joy
In all our hearts appear.
3. Water the sacred seed,
Oh! may its growth increase;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
4. And though we sow in tears,
The reaping time will come,
And angels gather in our sheaves,
At earth's great harvest home.

228. (224) S. M. (S. H. 378)

1. Once more before we part,
Oh, bless the Savior's name;
Let ev'ry tongue and ev'ry heart
Adore and praise the same.
2. Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
3. Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed, and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

229. (235) S. M. (S.H.378)

1. Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish ev'ry heart
Upon thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
2. Through changes bright or drear,
We would thy will pursue;
And toil to spread thy kingdom here,
Till we its glory view.
3. To God, the Only Wise,
In ev'ry age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

230. (220) 7s. (S.H.90)

1. Father, bless thy word to all,
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call,
||:Let thy people grow in love.:||
2. Thine own gracious message bless,
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success,
||:Thine the work, the glory thine.:||

3. Father, bid the world rejoice,
 Send, oh, send thy truth abroad;
 Let the nations hear thy voice,
 ||:Hear it and return to God.:||

231. (228) 7s. (S.H.90)

1. By thy Spirit's presence stirred,
 While we in thy house have dwelt;
 Cheered by what our ears have heard,
 ||:Blest by what our hearts have felt.:||
2. Father, as we each retire,
 Bid our souls depart in peace;
 Every bosom still inspire,
 ||:Let our fervor not decrease.:||
3. Though in body we may part;
 Still in spirit keep us one;
 Fill with faith our every heart,
 ||:Till the conquest shall be won.:||
4. Then, in brighter spheres, shall we
 Thine unchanging love adore,
 And throughout eternity,
 ||:Dwell where parting comes no more.:||

232. (866) 12s & 11s.

1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will
 not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encom-
 pass the tomb;
 The Savior has passed through its portals
 before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide
 through the gloom.
2. Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the
 world by thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sav-
ior hath died.

3. Thou art gone to the grave; and, its
 mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lin-
gered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed
 bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear, was
 the seraphim's song.

4. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will
 not deplore thee;
Since Christ was thy Ransom, thy
 Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will
 restore thee;
For death has no sting, since the Sav-
ior hath died.

233. (881) C. M. (S.H.408)

1. Another hand is beck'ning us,
 Another call is given:
And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that leads to heaven.
2. Unto our Father's will alone
 One thought hath reconciled;
That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.
3. Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee.

4. Still let her mild rebukings stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

234. (846) C. M. (S.H.408)

1. Asleep in Jesus—glorious thought!
A balm for all our wounds;
A balm with hope and comfort fraught,
Amid our grief and gloom.
2. Our tears with sad profusion flow,
At loss of those we love;
Yet full of hope this truth we know,
Their spirits dwell above.
3. By faith we see our sister dear,
On her dear Savior lean
In sweet repose, nor pain, nor fear,
Nor woe can intervene.
4. Asleep in Jesus—sweet the rest,
Of all who thus repose
On their dear, loving Savior's breast,
Redeemed from all their woes.
5. Asleep in Christ—soon shall they wake,
And rise to meet their Lord;
When at his shout the earth shall shake,
The dead shall be restored—
6. Restored to life—Eternal Life—
Bought by a Savior's blood;
A life with endless pleasures rife,
The greatest gift of God.

235. (904) S. M. (S.H.8)

1. A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with spirits blest,
Our bodies in the tomb.
2. A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
3. A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

236. (864) 8s & 7s. (S.H.431)

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.
2. Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
3. Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.
4. Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When death's gloomy night has fled;
Then on earth with joy to greet thee,
Where no bitter tears are shed.

237. (884) 8s & 7s. (S.H.431)

1. Fare thee well, thou fondly cherished,
 Dear, dear spirit, fare thee well;
 He who lent thee hath recalled thee,
 Back with him and his to dwell.
2. Like a sunbeam, through our dwelling,
 Shone thy presence, bright and calm;
 Thou didst add a zest to pleasure:
 To our sorrows thou wert balm.
3. Yet while mourning, O our lost one!
 Come no visions of despair!
 Seated on thy tomb, Faith's angel
 Saith thou art not, are not there.
4. Where, then, art thou? with the Savior,
 Blest, for ever blest to be;
 'Mid the sinless little children,
 Who have heard his "Come to me."
5. Past the shades of Death's dark valley,
 Thou are leaning on his breast,
 Where the wicked may not enter,
 And the weary are at rest.

238. (843) 10s. D. (S.H.422)

1. Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
 Bound for the home of bright spirits
 above,
 Angelic choristers sing as I come,
 "Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
 Home to that land of delight will I go;
 Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I
 roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2. Friends fondly cherished have passed on
before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the
shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's
chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;
Rings with the harmony, heaven's high
dome,
"Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home."
3. Death, with thy weapons of war lay me
low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;
Death shall be banished, his scepter be
gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

239. (899) . L. M.

1. Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
Though nature sleep, and take its rest,—
The spirit mingles with the blest.
2. There parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
There, saints find rest; and nevermore
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.
3. No storms shall ride the troubled air;
No voice of passion enter there;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

240. (868) 8s & 7s.

1. While affliction's surge is o'er you,
Look beyond the dark'ning wave;
See a brighter scene before you;
Hail the triumph o'er the grave.
2. Though your darling child is taken
From your bosom to the urn;
Soon the sleeping dust will waken
And its spirit will return.
3. Yes, again you will behold it,
Fairer than the morning ray;
In your arms you will enfold it,
When all tears are wiped away.

241. (838) 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—“Thy will be done.”
2. Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—“Thy will be done.”
3. Though to-day we're filled with mourning
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing—“Thy will be done.”
4. By thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—“Thy will be done!”

242. (883) S. M. (S.H.409)

1. Go to thy rest, fair child!
Go to they dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.
2. Ere sin has seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear,
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon delightful sphere.
3. Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle care
Was such a fond delight,—
4. Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle infant, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

243. (865) L. M. (S.H.421)

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!
2. So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
3. A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
4. Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell—

How bright the unchanging morn ap-
pears!

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5. Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he
dies!"

244. (835) L. M. (S.H.421)

1. Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
2. Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
3. Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear—no woe shall dim the hour
That manifests the Savior's power.
4. Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.
5. Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep.

245. (879) P. M. (S.H.436)

1. We shall greet them at home, we shall
greet them,
When the sorrows of life shall be o'er,

Our loved ones we hope soon to meet
them,

On Eden's fair, beautiful shore.

The glorious thought, how consoling

To know that the time is so nigh,

When Jesus the world shall controlling,

||:Permit us to join them on high.:||

2. We shall greet them at home, we shall
greet them,

Though now they are hid from our
sight,

We think of the time we shall meet them,

And it oft fills our hearts with delight;

We have laid them away in deep sadness,

Yet not without hope in our breast,

For again they will join us with gladness,

||:And enter the heavenly rest.:||

3. We shall greet them at home, we shall
greet them,

Where nothing can ever divide,

Where sickness or death can not harm
them,

Nor tear them again from our side;

There we'll range beside life's cooling
river,

'Neath the tree of life's shade we shall
roam,

With the glory of God shining ever,

||:We'll greet them, we'll greet them at
home.:||

246. (905)

L. M.

(S.H.62)

1. The saints who die of Christ possessed,
Enter into immediate rest;

For them no further test remains

Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2. Who trusting in their Lord, depart,
Cleansed from all sin and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in Paradise.
3. Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.
4. Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before his throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

247. (1101) 6s & 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.
2. My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name—I love!
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
3. Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

248. (1104)

C. M.

1. Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of ev'ry clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,—
The land we love the most!
2. O guard our shores from ev'ry foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosp'rous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
3. Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.
4. Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend:
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

249. (1099)

6s & 4s.

(S. H. 534)

1. God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
|:Through storm and night;:|
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.
2. For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies;
|:On him we wait;:|
Thou who hast heard each sigh,
Watching each weeping eye,
Be thou for ever nigh;—
God save the State!

250. (1098.)

P. M.

1. The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their
bark
On the wild New England shore.
2. Not as they flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's
gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang;
Beneath the stars, near the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim
wood rang
With the anthem of the free.
3. What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there
they found,
Freedom to worship God.

251. (1007)

4-6s & 2-8s.

1. Come, O thou King of kings!
We've waited long for thee;
With healing in thy wings,
To set thy people free;
Come, thou desire of nations, come;
Let Israel now be gathered home.

2. Come, make an end of sin,
And cleanse the earth by fire;
And righteousness bring in,
That Saints may tune the lyre,
With songs of joy—a happier strain,
To welcome in thy peaceful reign.
3. Hosannahs now shall sound
From all the ransomed throng,
And glory echo round;
A new triumphal song
The wide expanse of heaven fill,
With anthems sweet from Zion's hill.
4. Hail! Prince of Life and Peace!
Thrice welcome to thy throne!
While all the chosen race
Their Lord and Savior own;
The heathen nations bow the knee,
And ev'ry tongue gives praise to thee.

252. (96) 8s & 4s.

Zion's light again is dawning,
Praise ye the Lord!
Brightly ushers in the morning,
Praise ye the Lord!
Dark the night when foes assailing
Zion's scattered ones, who 'wailing
Zion's woes, sang, faith unfailing,
Praise ye the Lord!

2. Christ his remnant is befriending,
Praise ye the Lord!
Aid to them in mercy sending,
Praise ye the Lord!
Once their hearts for him were yearn-
ing,
Now with holy love they're burning,
While they sing, with peace returning,
Praise ye the Lord!

3. Rapt'rous joys their bosoms swelling,
 Praise ye the Lord!
 Shiloh favors Ephraim's dwelling,
 Praise ye the Lord!
 Israel's triumph is beginning;
 Heaven with harmony is ringing;
 Ransomed souls, unite in singing,
 Praise ye the Lord!
4. Praise the Lord, ye saints adore him!
 Praise ye the Lord!
 Let all people bow before him,
 Praise ye the Lord!
 Orbs of splendor, brightly shining,
 All ye hosts of heaven, combining,
 Seraphs, cherubs, angels joining,
 Praise ye the Lord!

253. (419) 7s & 6s D.

1. O sacred Head, now wounded!
 With grief and shame weighed
 down;
 Now scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown!
 O sacred Head, what glory,
 What bliss till now was thine!
 Yet though despised and gory,
 I joy to call thee mine.
2. What language shall I borrow,
 To thank thee, dearest Friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!
 O make me thine for ever,
 Nor let me faithless be,
 Lord, let me never, never,
 Outlive my love to thee.
3. If I incline to leave thee,
 O Jesus, leave not me;

Let Satan not deceive me,
For thou hast set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
From poignancy my heart.

4. Be near when I am dying,
Thy comfort send to me,
And for my succor, flying,
Bid angels set me free.
New faith in life receiving,
My hopes all fixed above,
Who lives and dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

254. (223) 8s & 6s *Chorus.*

1. Sing Hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:
Ne'er cease to sing, ye ransomed host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
Until, in realms of endless light,
Our praise with yours unite.
2. There we to all eternity
Shall join th' angelic lays;
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Savior's praise:
"He hath redeemed us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God:
For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
Praise ye the Lord! Amen

255. (258) C. M.

1. Giver and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2. The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.
3. Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain:
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.
4. Subject of Hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And dwell with Christ my king.

256. (337)

10s ch.

1. Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy
might,
Send thy loved Reapers forth armed
with the sword;
Strengthen them now as they labor in
light,—
Strike down the craven that fears
for thy word—
“Thrust in thy sickle and reap.”
2. Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy
wrath,
Sweep through the world with thy
besom of woe;
Ah! guard thou thy Reapers; the grief
strewn path
They tread not in vain, thy mercy
to show;—
“Thrust in thy sickle and reap.”
3. Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy
truth,
Let thou thy Reapers its mystery
feel;

Bless thou the labor of age and of
youth.

Lab'ring for Zion thy common-
wealth's weal.

"Thrust in thy sickle and reap."

4. Look to the Harvest-field, Lord, in thy
love,

Look to thy Reapers who tremblingly
reap;—

Save or they perish, Lord, reaping they
prove

Thou art thyself, Lord, the harvest
to keep.

"Thrust in thy sickle and reap."

257. (208) See No. 10.

258. (963) See No. 361.

259. (279) See No. 68.

260. (980) 8s, 8s & 6s.

The night is spent—the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,

The promised time of rest;

Hark! 'tis the trumpet sounding clear,

Its joyful notes burst on the ear

Proclaiming tidings blest.

2. Ah! see, the graves are opening now,
The saints come forth, and ev'ry brow

Beams with a radiant joy;

To life immortal they arise,

Inheritors of Paradise,

Where death can not destroy.

3. Stupendous scene! those men of old.
Prophets, who have the story told
Of this transcendent day:

The patriarchs, apostles too,
 Who lived and died with it in view,
 Collect in bright array.

4. Now 'satisfied'—for like their Lord,
 Whose promise shines within the word,
 His likeness they should wear—
 A glitt'ring host, like stars on high,
 In glory and in majesty,
 Upon the earth appear!

261. (483) 8s, 8s & 6s.

1. Lord! grant that I may meekly prove
 For ever faithful to thy love,
 Till sin for ever cease?
 I thank thee for the blessed hope;
 It lifts my drooping spirits up;
 It gives me back my peace.

2. In thee, O Lord, I put my trust;
 Mighty, and merciful, and just,
 Thy sacred word is true;
 And I, who dare thy word believe,
 Would by its precepts ever live,
 Until my journey's through.

3. I rest in thine almighty power;
 The name of Jesus is my tower,
 Hide thou my life above:
 Thou canst, thou wilt, my Helper be;
 My confidence is all in thee,
 Thou faithful God of love.

262. (1081.) P. M.

- All our desire is to the Lord,
 To know and do his holy word;
 To live in joy and sweet accord,
 Till Jesus comes in glory.
 Then come, all who wish to go,
 We're all poor and humble now:

But, O, we'll be rich you know,
If we can only conquer.

2. We'll daily strive "to watch and pray,"
To keep within the narrow way,
In this, the trying latter day,
Till Jesus comes in glory.
Then come, all who wish to go,
We're all poor and humble now;
But, O, we'll be rich you know,
If we can only conquer.

3. Now glory be to God on high,
And to his Son, who came to die,
The day of gloom will soon pass by,
And Jesus come in glory.
Then come, all who wish to go,
We're all poor and humble now;
But, O, we'll be rich you know,
When Jesus comes in glory.

263. (57) 8s & 4s.

Through the love of Christ our Savior,
All will be well!
Happy in our Maker's favor!
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us;
All must be well!

2. Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well!
Ours is such a full salvation;
All, all is well!
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding,
All must be well!

3. We expect a bright to-morrow;
All will be well!
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well!
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus ev'ry need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All must be well!

264. (43) See No. 27.

265. (42) L. M.

1. All you that love Immanuel's name,
Whose spirits burn with ardent flame
To see his glory, learn his praise,
And follow him in all his ways.
2. 'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite;
Come, come, ye subjects of his grace,
Where he reveals his smiling face.
3. Come to his Church, enter his gates;
For you his gracious presence waits;
Here peace and pardon are bestowed—
Great gifts! and worthy of a God.

266. (227) C. M.

1. God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
2. Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart:
We met, O Jesus, in thy name;
And in thy name we part.
3. We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

267. (232) L. M.

1. We bless thee, Lord, that we have met
Once more before thy mercy-seat;
Thy ransomed family, to raise
In Jesus' name one song of praise.
2. And now thy blessing we implore,
To guard and keep us evermore;
Into thine hand our souls commend,
To guide, to strengthen and defend.

268. (236) C. M.

1. We thank the Lord for grace and gifts,
Renewed in latter days;
For truth and light, to guide us right,
In wisdom's pleasant ways.
2. For ev'ry line we have received,
To turn our hearts above;
For ev'ry word, and ev'ry good,
That fills our souls with love.

269. (228) See No. 231.**270. S. M.**

1. Thine ever precious word
We've pondered here a while;
Dismiss us from thy house, O Lord,
With thine approving smile.
2. As hence we go wilt Thou
Be with us ev'ry hour,
And teach us to thy will to bow;
Uphold us by thy pow'r.
3. So led by Thine own hand,
And walking in thy way,
We'll travel on unto thy land
And be with thee for aye.

271. (274) P. M.

1. Soft shades glide over hill and dale
Like robes of sable gauze,
While stars come twinkling, wan and
pale;
And soft repose
Floats like a spell upon the evening gale.
2. Dismiss us from the weary cares
That fill the hours of light;
Bid angel eyes, like sleepless stars
Holy and bright,
Watch till the waking of the morning airs.
3. Night's velvet curtain round us fold,
And ere the morning dawn,
Fair visions may our eyes behold,
By wisdom shown;
In which God's righteousness shall be
extolled.
4. And when the gloomy night of death
Draws round our forms at length,
Be with us to the latest breath,
Giving us strength
To praise thee even then, and keep the
faith.

272. (432) 8s & 6s.

1. What glorious news is this I hear?
"Christ the Lord, is risen."
Hushed be the sigh and dry the tear,
Christ has fled the prison.
2. But yester-night came down in woe,
Terror, grief and sadness;
Now our Redeemer's glories show,
All is joy and gladness.
3. We saw his head bowed low in grief
Pain his cheek was paling;
Little we knew, our sorrows brief,
Now our Lord we're hailing.

273. (245)

C. M.

1. Again, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes uncloze,
To view the smiling morn.
2. Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.
3. Glory to thee, Eternal Lord;
O, teach my heart to pray;
Thy Spirit's gracious help afford,
To guide me through the day.
4. Let ev'ry thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed, the precepts of thy word
With righteous aim fulfill.
5. From danger, sin, and ev'ry ill,
My constant guardian prove;
O! sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love.

274. (92) See No. 128.

275. (325)

11s.

1. The sun that declines in the far western
sky,
Has rolled o'er our heads till the summer's
gone by;
And hushed are the notes of the warblers
of spring,
That in the green bower did exultingly
sing.
- 2 The changes for autumn already appear,
A harvest of plenty has crowned the glad
year;

- While soft smiling zephyrs, our fancies
to please,
Bring odors of joy from the laden fruit-
trees.
3. As th' summer of youth passes swiftly
along,
And silvery locks soon our temples adorn;
So the fair smiling landscape and flowery
lawn,
Though lost is their beauty—their glory
has come.
4. O when the sweet summer of life shall
have fled,
Her joys and her sorrows entombed with
the dead,
Then may we by faith like good Enoch
arise,
And be crowned with the just in the midst
of the skies;
5. Descend with the Savior in glory pro-
found,
And reign in perfection when Satan is
bound;
While love and sweet union together shall
blend,
And peace, gentle peace, like a river
extend.

276. (755.) 5s & 8s.

1. The spirit of love,
Pure light from above,
Hath marked out the impartial road;
His work is begun,
His triumph will come,
The Gentiles are turning to God
2. Reprover of sin,
Thy conquests begin,

And to vict'ry lead the grand throng;
The book is unsealed,
Come take thou the field,
And conduct th' grand army along.

3. Salvation is free,—
To all who agree
As children in Christ to be one:
In truth's uniform,
We'll face the rough storm,
And from conquest to conquest go on.

4. No lion or bear,
Shall ever devour,
Or prey on Christ's sheep or his lambs;
The Shepherd, the sheep
From danger will keep,
The lambs he will bear in his arms.

5. Ye saints, sound his praise,
Your voices high raise,
Exultingly sing of his name;
Loud hosannas sing
To Jesus your King,
And conclude th' grand theme with Amen.

277. (990) C. M.

1. As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2. The time draws nigh, when in the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3. The saints of God, from death set
free,

With joy shall mount on high;
The heavenly hosts, with praises
loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

278. (9) 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
2. There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
3. Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
4. Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Savior's merits,—
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

279. (971) 8s & 7s D.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word can not be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Enoch founded;
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.
2. See the stream of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fears of drouth remove.

Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
 Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

3. Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near.
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day;
 Sweetly they enjoy the Spirit
 Which he gives them when they pray.
4. Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Purchased with the Savior's blood;
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God.
 While in love his saints he raises
 With himself to reign as kings;
 All, as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

280. (165) 6s & 7s D.

1. Let us pray, gladly pray,
 In the house of Jehovah,
 Till the righteous can say,
 "O our warfare is over!"
 Then we'll dry up our tears,
 Sweetly praising together,
 Through the great thousand years,
 Face to face with the Savior.
2. What a joy will be there,
 At the great resurrection
 As the saints meet in air,
 In their robes of perfection;
 Then the Lamb—then the Lamb,
 With a God's mandatory,
 As I AM THAT I AM,
 Fills the world with his glory.

3. We can then live in peace,
 With a joy on the mountains,
 As the earth doth increase,
 With a joy by the fountains,
 For the world will be blest,
 With a joy to rely on,
 From the east to the west,
 Through the glory of Zion.

281. (1086) 8s, 8s & 7s.

1. Shall hell's dark gates for e'er prevail,
 Its hosts repeat the sadd'ning tale,
 The church's desolation?
 Must she the Spirit ne'er regain,
 But in the wilderness remain,
 In dreary isolation?
2. Ah! hear the Spirit's earnest call,
 Come ye, my people, one and all,
 From Babylon's embraces;
 The gospel, pure and true, believe,
 The blessings as of yore receive,
 The Spirit's gifts and graces.
3. The truth has sprung from out the
 ground,
 And so doth righteousness abound,
 The gospel of salvation;
 The church her former powers doth
 wear,
 Apostles, prophets, gifts declare
 Her perfect restoration.

282. (155) See No. 140.

283. (742) C. M.

1. Ye wond'ring nations, now give ear
 Unto the angel's cry,
 For lo! from heaven he has appeared,
 To bring salvation nigh.

2. Has brought the ancient records forth,
Unloosed the mighty seal;
God's glory soon shall fill the earth,
And wondrous things reveal.
3. The things of worth in ages gone,
The wise may here behold.
And things to come, now rolling on,
His word doth clear unfold;
4. Its opening wonders burst to view,
All glorious and sublime;
Point out the path that men pursue
Down to the end of time.
5. The meek and humble shall rejoice,
The wise shall understand;
All Israel now shall know his voice,
And gather to their land.

284. (958) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Israel, Israel, God is calling—
Calling thee from lands of woe:
Babylon the great is falling;
God shall all her towers o'erthrow.
Come to Zion
Ere his floods of anger flow.
2. Israel, Israel, God is speaking;
Hear your great Deliv'rer's voice!
Now a glorious morn is breaking
For the people of his choice.
Come to Zion,
And within her walls rejoice.
3. Israel, angels are descending
From celestial worlds on high,
And towards man their powers extend-
ing,
That the saints may homeward fly.

Come to Zion,
For your coming Lord is nigh.

4. Israel! Israel! can'st thou linger
Still in error's gloomy ways?
Mark how judgment's pointing finger
Justifies no vain delays.
Come to Zion!
Zion's walls shall ring with praise.

285. (608) S. M.

1. The harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long;
And he who sowing drops a tear,
Shall reap with joyful song.
2. Sad to his toil he goes,
His seed with weeping leaves;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

286. (282) L. M.

1. Hail! Sacred Sabbath; day of rest,
Hallowed by God the All-divine;
And set apart by his behest,
'Twixt God and man a sacred sign—
2. A sign that he, the Lord, is God,
Who sanctifies the souls of men—
Who purifies them by his word,
And leads them to his fold again.
3. Emblem of that all-glorious day
When earth shall rest from all its
toil;
And all creation join the lay
Of souls redeemed from sin's turmoil.
4. Prepare our souls for that great day
When all thy Sabbaths join in one,
When all the earth shall own the sway
Of our redeeming Lord—thy Son.

287. (433) C. M.

1. Lift up your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory; see, he comes
With his celestial train.
2. Who is this King of glory?—who?
The Lord of strength renowned;
In battle mighty—o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

288. (693) 8s & 7s D.

1. Ev'ry cloud that carries water,
Ev'ry beaming ray of light,
Ev'ry rolling peal of thunder,
Ev'ry flash of light'nings bright.
Ev'ry gentle zephyr blowing,
Ev'ry rude and boist'rous gale,
Ev'ry dew-drop's nectared sparkle,
Ev'ry storm of pelting hail.
2. Ev'ry mountain, ev'ry valley,
Ev'ry desert, ev'ry stream,
Ev'ry snow-storm, ev'ry iceberg,
Ev'ry shower of fresh'ning rain.
Ev'ry token in the heavens,
Ev'ry work of God below,
Ev'ry book of God's inspiring,
His extended labors show.
3. Shall his people then be narrow,
Proud, conceited, selfish, vain?
Rather learn from nature's lessons,
Wider views of life to gain.
Tried they must be; O that trials
May to them a blessing prove;
And from out the fiery furnace,
Come with hearts of purer love.

4. May no duty be neglected,
 Nor a saint recusant prove;
 May each aim be well directed,
 Born of Faith, impelled by Love.
 May no tattling, evil-speaking,
 Slander, calumny, or crime,
 Ever stain them, but the Spirit's
 Purer graces in them shine.

289. (734)

C. M.

1. Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing rays
 Dispel the shades of night,
 Diffusing o'er the mental world
 The healing beams of light.
2. Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
 Restores our wand'ring feet,
 Converts the sorrows of the mind
 To joys divinely sweet.
3. Oh, send thy light and truth abroad
 In all their radiant blaze,
 And bid th' admiring world adore
 The glories of thy grace.

290. (297)

4-6s & 2-8s.

1. Awake, ye saints, awake!
 And hail the sacred day;
 In loftiest songs of praise
 Your joyful homage pay:
 Come, bless the day that God hath
 blest,
 The type of heaven's eternal rest.
2. On this auspicious morn
 The Lord of life arose;
 He burst the bars of death,
 And vanquished all our foes;
 And now he pleads our cause above,
 And reaps the fruit of all his love.

291. (725) C. M.

1. Our God! our God! thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,—
Here goes thy glorious way.
2. We shine not only with the light;
Thou didst shed down of yore;
On us thou streamest strong and
bright,—
Thy comings are not o'er.
3. On us thy Spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come:
We feel, we thank thy quick'ning, Lord!
Thou shalt not find us dumb.
4. Thou comest near,—thou standest by,—
Our work begins to shine:
Thou dwellest with us mightily;
On come the years divine.

292. (999) P. M.

1. Lift your glad voices in triumph on
high;
Shout, for the day of redemption is
nigh!
Sing, for the Lord will appear in his
glory;
Mountains and valleys repeat the glad
story.
Tune every lyre,
Lift the strain higher,
Far o'er the ocean the tidings shall
fly.
2. Lift your glad voices, ye nations, and
sing;
Let the high anthem re-echo and ring. -
Sing, for the bright One that slept in
the manger

Comes; and the earth that once pillowed
 the stranger,
 In rich adorning,
 Hails the glad morning,
 Blossoms like Eden and welcomes her
 King.

3. Lift your glad voices, he conquered the
 grave,
 Jesus, Immanuel, almighty to save.
 Shout to the tyrant, thy chains are all
 broken!
 Sing, for the voice of Jehovah hath
 spoken.
 Open the portal,
 Ransomed, immortal;
 Life shall endure with eternity's
 wave.

4. Lift your glad voices, your banners
 unfurl,
 Sin, Death, and Hell shall to ruin be
 hurled.
 Christ shall come down in his chariot
 of fire,
 Bethlehem's beauty and Israel's Mes-
 siah;
 Prince ever glorious,
 Strong and victorious,
 Lion of Judah and King of the
 world.

5. Lift your glad voices! he cometh again!
 Sound out the tidings o'er earth and
 o'er main!
 Sing, for the dark days of evil are
 ending;
 Shout to the Bridegroom with angels
 descending!
 Bride of Jehovah.

Welcome thy lover;
Sing, for he cometh, he cometh to
reign!

293. (872) C. M. D.

1. Tho' men may lay beneath the ground
These forms we hold so dear,
Know, when the angel's trump shall
sound,
In glory they'll appear.
Our home at last the new earth fair,
Where life's bright waters flow;
And all the faithful will be there;
God's word has told us so.
2. The New Jerusalem come down,
Her streets all paved with gold;
And Jesus with the victor's crown,
Our eyes will then behold.
There we will feel no troubling pain,
Nor any sickness know:
Like Eden, earth shall bloom again,
God's word has told us so.
3. God and the Lamb will be the light
Of all that holy place,
The tree of life will greet our sight,
And we its fruit shall taste.
When the Messiah comes again
To dwell with man below,
We shall with him in glory reign,
God's word has told us so.

294.

1. Savior all-glorious,
We come to thee,
Oh, do now receive us,
Children of thine to be;
Bless now thy people,

Lord hear our prayer.
Send down thy Holy Spirit,
The token of thy care.

2. Out of the darkness,
Now in the light,
Born into thy kingdom,
To labor for the right,
Thy wondrous plan by
Angels restored.
We now receive with gladness
The fullness of thy word.

3. As living temples,
Now purified,
We implore thy presence,
O Lord, with us abide,
In pow'r thy message
To us impart.
Revive each drooping spirit,
Speak peace to ev'ry heart.

295. (87)

7s.

1. To thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend.
2. While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue:
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.
3. While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
4. From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

296. (159) 4-6s & 2-8s.

1. O Lord, to thee we come,
Though foolish in thy sight;
Though oft we from thee roam,
And grope in sin's dark night;
Thy pard'ning love, O Lord, reveal,
May we thy holy presence feel.
2. Our hearts with sadness fill,
Unless we feel thee near;
And darkness hovers, till
Thou bid it disappear.
Lord let us see thy light divine,
Its glorious beams upon us shine.
3. Thy blessings, Lord, we seek,
Thy Spirit from above;
O that thou wouldest speak,
Some cheering word of love;
So that our faith might strengthened
be,
Our hope be centered more in thee.

297. (1084) See No. 355.

298. (859) L. M.

1. Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
3. So Jesus slept—God's dying Son
Passed thro' the grave, and blest the
bed.

Rest here, blest saint, till from his
throne
The morning light shall pierce the
shade.

4. Break from his throne, illustrious
morn!

Attend, O earth! his sov'reign word;
Restore thy trust—a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

299. (681) 8s, 6s & 8s.

1. When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow, all resigned, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.
2. O, blessed be the hand that gave—
Still blessed when it takes;
Blessed be he who smiles to save—
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

300. (488) . C. M.

1. Faith works with power, but, will not
plead
The best of works when done;
It knows no other ground of trust
But in the Lord alone.
2. It gives no title, but receives;
No blessing it procures;
Yet, where it truly lives and reigns,
All blessings it insures.
3. Its sole dependence and its stay
Is Jesus' righteousness;

'Tis thus salvation is by faith,
And all of sov'reign grace.

4. The more this principle prevails,
The more is grace adored;
No glory it assumes, but gives
All glory to the Lord.

301. (855) 8s, 6s, 8s, 8s, 6s.

1. The brightness of a lamp gone out,
Hands quiet, eyes at rest,
Feet that no longer flit about,
Heart that in faith was firm and stout,
Now pulseless in the breast.
2. Voice that on earth will come no more,
Save in the dreams of night,
As echoes, from the far-off shore,
With happy thoughts of days before,
Long vanished from our sight.
3. Place we the form within the grave;
The spirit's destiny,
Lies with the mighty one who gave
The gospel; souls of men to save,
And set from evil free.
4. Then come we from the grave away;
But not without bright hope
That he, who in the former day,
Through this dark valley showed the
way,
Will raise our treasure up.

302. (749) 4-6s & 2-8s

1. An angel from on high,
The long, long silence broke—
Descending from the sky,
These gracious words he spoke,—
Lo! in Cumorah's lonely hill
A sacred record lies concealed;

2. Sealed by Moroni's hand,
It has for ages slept,
To wait the Lord's command,
From dust again to speak;
It shall come forth to light again,
To usher in Messiah's reign.
3. It speaks of Joseph's seed,
And makes the remnant known
Of nations long since dead,
Who once had dwelt alone;—
The fullness of the Gospel, too,
Its pages will reveal to view.
4. The time is now fulfilled—
The long expected day—
Let earth obedient yield,
And darkness flee away:
Open the seals, and wide unfurl
Its light and glory to the world.
5. Lo! Israel, filled with joy,
Shall now be gathered home;
Their wealth and means employ,
To build Jerusalem:
While Zion shall arise and shine,
And fill the earth with truth divine.

303. (242) See No. 124.

304. (12)

1. Eternal Wisdom! Thee we praise;
Thee, let creation sing:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills and
seas,
And heav'n's high palace ring.
2. Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3. There thou has bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
The day obeys the sun.
4. If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy wondrous glory show.
5. The noisy winds stand ready there,
Thy orders to obey;
With sounding wings they sweep the
air,
To make thy chariot way.
6. There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along
The banners of thy host.

305. (754) 7s & 5s D.

1. Onward, speed thy conqu'ring flight;
Angel, onward speed;
Cast abroad thy radiant light,
Bid the shades recede.
Tread the idols in the dust,
Heathen fanes destroy,
Spread the Gospel's love and trust,
Spread the Gospel's joy.
2. Onward, speed thy conqu'ring flight;
Angel, onward haste;
Quickly on each mountain height,
Be thy standard placed.
Let thy blissful tidings float,
Far o'er vale and hill,
Till the sweetly echoing note,
Ev'ry bosom thrill.

3. Onward, speed thy conqu'ring flight,
 Angel, onward speed;
 Morning bursts upon our sight,
 'Tis the time decreed.
 Soon will Christ his kingdom take,
 Thrones and empires fall,
 Soon the joyous song awake,
 'God is all in all.'

306. (377)

12s.

1. From th' regions of glory an angel
 descended,
 And told the strange news how the babe
 was attended:
 Go shepherds and visit this heavenly
 stranger:
 Beneath yon bright star, there's your
 Lord in a manger!
Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Whom our souls may rely on;
We shall see him on earth,
When he brings again Zion.
2. Glad tidings I bring unto you and each
 nation;
 Glad tidings of joy,—now behold your
 salvation;
 Arise all ye pilgrims and lift up your
 voices,
 And shout, 'The Redeemer!' while heaven
 rejoices.
3. Let glory to God in the highest be given,
 And glory to God be reëchoed in heaven;
 Around the whole world let us tell the
 glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and
 glory.

307. (493)

6-8s.

1. All things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe:
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme,
Thy truth I lovingly receive;
I can, I do believe in thee;
Make all things possible to me.
2. When thou the work of faith hast
wrought,
I then shall in thine image shine,
Be freed from sin, in deed, in thought;
Though men revile, and fiends repine.
They can not break the firm decree;
All things are possible to thee.
3. All things are possible to God,
To Christ, the power of God in man,
To me, when I am all renewed,
When I in Christ am formed again,
When clothed with power divine, from
thee,
All will be possible to me.

308. (294)

5-8s.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made;
A day most holy to his name,—
Wherein our vows should all be paid,
And not a thought our hearts invade
That could create one blush of shame.
2. A day when we should strive to meet,
In meekness and humility,
Our Father at his mercy-seat,
Confess our sins, and him entreat
To pardon our iniquity.
3. A day when all his children dear
In love should meet around his throne,
A gracious Father's voice to hear,
Each heart o'erflowed with filial fear,
Making his august will our own.

309. (118)

C. M.

1. For thy dear mercy's sake, O Lord,
Help us thy name t' adore,
And purify our hearts to taste
Thy goodness more and more.
2. Our flesh, our hearts, our spirits, Lord,
In thy clear fire refine;
Break down the self-indulgent will;
Gird us with strength divine.
3. So may we all, who here are met
Thy holy name to bless,
At length in our eternal home,
Thine endless joys possess.

310. (299)

L. M.

1. Eternal Source of ev'ry joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
2. The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
3. Thy hand in autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
4. Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.
5. Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

311. (729) See No. 35.

312. (570) 8s, 6s & 8s

1. Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
2. The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
3. The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The ransomed soul his temple makes;
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!
4. Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

313. (453) See No. 381.

314. (400) See No. 59.

315. (416) 8s, 6s & 2-8s.

1. He knelt: the Savior knelt and prayed,
When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's
shade,

On that dread agony;
 The Lord of all above, beneath,
 Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

2. The sun set in a fearful hour,
 The skies might well grow dim,
 When this mortality had power
 So to o'ershadow him!
 That he who gave man's breath, might
 know
 The very depths of human woe.
3. He knew them all; the doubt, the strife,
 The faint, perplexing dread,
 The mists that hang o'er parting life,
 All darkened round his head;
 And the Deliv'rer knelt to pray;—
 Yet passed it not, that cup, away.
4. It passed not, though the stormy wave
 Had sunk beneath his tread;
 It passed not, though to him the grave
 Had yielded up its dead:
 But there was sent him from on high
 A gift of strength for man to die.

316. (386) See No. 348.

317. (499) 7s D.

1. Lord, have mercy when we pray,
 Strength to seek a better way;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherished sin;
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
 From the dread of future ill;
 When the dim, advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come.
2. Lord, have mercy, when we know
 First how vain this world below;
 When its darker thoughts oppress,

Doubts perplex, and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven;
Then thy fost'ring grace afford;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord!

318. (45) C. M.

1. Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
Where willing vot'ries throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And swell the choral song.
2. Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
3. Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with grateful zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

319. (137) See No. 44.

320. (143) See No. 389.

321. (938) See No. 363.

322.

1. O Lord, we come before thee now,
Thy word to speak and hear;
Oh, help us at thy feet to bow,
And feel that thou art near.

CHORUS.

Hear us, Lord, on thee we call,
Send thy Holy Spirit down;
Oh, bless thy sacred word to all,
May light and peace abound.

2. We feel our need of aid divine--
Of help that comes from thee;
Grant that thy truth may clearly shine,
And help us, Lord, to see.
3. Oh, bless thy servant, as he stands:
The gospel to proclaim;
That those who hear may understand
The greatness of thy name.
4. Help us thy glorious truth to see,
The gospel's saving plan,
Which thou hast sent on earth, to be
Salvation's law for man.
5. Thus may thy Spirit's presence bless
Those who've assembled here;
That peace, and love, and righteousness
May in our lives appear.
6. Revive us, Lord, by thy great pow'r,
And help us to contend
For blessings great each day and hour,
And labor till the end.

323.

1. Your attention, O, ye people,
While the truth we now declare;
Come and hear the gospel message,
Words of joy to you we bear.
We have come with truth most precious,
With the truth that makes us free,
We have come to teach salvation,
That God's love you all may see.
2. While the world is rushing onward,
'Mid confusion, strife and care,
We are calling you to hearken,
And for life and peace prepare.
Hearken to the words of Jesus,

All his law and truth obey,
 Serve Him while in this probation,
 He is calling, come to-day.

3. So in open air we're standing,
 On *Peoria's thoroughfare,
 Singing, preaching and exhorting,
 For we wish to prepare
 For our blessed Savior's coming,
 For the day is near at hand,
 Then obey the sacred gospel,
 With the faithful then you'll stand.

324. (1088) P. M.

1. God, in his abundant mercy,
 Hath revealed again his word;
 Giving each a testimony
 That the work is of the Lord.

CHORUS:

On the Rock of Ages founded,
 With our faith firmly grounded,
 And by angel-guards surrounded,
 We rejoice in the Lord.

2. Though the waves dash wildly round us,
 And the tempests fiercely beat,
 Zion's guardians will surround us
 When we bow at Jesus' feet.
3. Though the devotees of error,
 May upon our efforts frown;
 With her legions battling ever,
 We shall wear the victor's crown.

325. See No. 365.

*May be changed to a number of other city names.

326. (83)

7s & 6s D.

1. When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
2. Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah's swelling
In one eternal sound.

327. (1005)

8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Lo! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousands, thousand saints, attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes—and comes to reign.
2. Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall their true Messiah see!
3. Yea, amen!—let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Savior, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
O come quickly—
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

328. (235) See No. 229.

329.

1. Joyfully we sing with hearts full of
praise;
To our glorious King our voices we
raise:
Beautiful the tidings of Christ the Lord;
We will ever trust in Jesus' word.
2. Jesus is the Life, the Truth, and the
Way;
Glorious the light still shining to-day;
Love divine so free He offers to all;
Hear! Oh! Hear the Savior's gracious
call!
3. Trusting in the Savior we can not fail;
If we keep his word, his love will prevail;
He will guard us safely thro' night or
day,
If we always trust him and obey.

330. (389) 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
2. Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
3. Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,

Suddenly, the Lord descending,
 In his temple shall appear:
 Come and worship,—
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

331. (252)

L. M.

1. Unto the high and mighty Lord
 We lift our morning strain of praise,
 In notes of joy his love record,
 And songs of thankful gladness raise.
2. Great God, thy mercies, like the dew,
 Fall on us at the evening's shade,
 And with each morning, blessings new
 Shine o'er the works thy hand hath made.
3. God of the morning, while the day
 Beams with the light of love divine,
 We with its dawn our homage pay,
 Thou art our God, and we are thine.

332. (35)

6-8s.

1. Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, and all their
 train;
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
2. The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

333. (215) 10s & 11s.

1. O Jesus, our Lord, thy name be adored,
For all the rich blessings conveyed in
thy word;
Believing, we trace thy wonders of grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of
praise.
2. Thrice happy are they who hear and
obey,
And share in the blessings of this gospel-
day,
That blessing be mine, through favor
divine;
And, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

334. (849) 11s.

1. How blest are the dead who have died in
the Lord,
E'en so, saith the Spirit, Amen, and
Amen!
The prophet, commanded, these words
doth record,
Sweet comfort to give to the children
of men.
2. Yea blessed are they from henceforth
and for aye,
They rest from their sorrow and toil
evermore;
Their works too shall follow, the Spirit
doth say,
To reap their reward they have gone
on before.

3. Yea blessed are they, for their life is
with God;
Through Jesus they triumph o'er sin,
death and hell;
Their feet have been firm in the path
that he trod,
Their trust was in him who hath done
all things well.
4. Thrice blessed are they, for no woes can
invade
That blissful abode where they rest
from their toil;
No more are they called through affliction
to wade,
They bask evermore in their Savior's
sweet smile.
5. Then weep not, bereft ones, as those
without hope—
All is well with th' loved ones who've
gone on before;
Walk on in their footsteps; to Jesus look
up;
Secure the great blessing of Life ever-
more.

335. (365) C. M.

1. Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
2. Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.
3. Our lives through varying scenes are
drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares.

While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

4. Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.

336. (55) See No. 162.

337.

1. One hour with Jesus, the shepherd of
the fold,
I esteem of more value than silver or
gold;
The peaceful communion sent down from
above,
Makes clear to my vision his mission of
love.
2. The world and its folly I bid them all
adieu,
I find there no comfort that's lasting
and true;
One hour with Jesus, that noble, true
friend,
Brings peace to my soul that will never-
more end.
3. One hour with Jesus a grand feast to
my soul,
My burdens are light and my yoke eas'ly
borne;
Tho' hardships and trials I may have to
meet,
The Spirit bears witness the end will be
sweet.
4. One hour with Jesus, the true friend of
the weak,
Is very consoling on land or the deep;

The path may be thorny or waves mountain high,
There's joy in the thought that my Savior is nigh.

5. One hour with Jesus, the joy of my life,
Will cleanse from the heart all malice and strife;
And give me new courage to press my way on,
In sunshine or darkness, in calm or in storm.

338. (546) 6-8s.

1. In Jordan's tide the prophet stands,
Immersing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the right demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuse:
Jesus descends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.
2. Wonder, ye heavens! your Maker lies
In deeps concealed from human view;
Ye men behold him sink and rise,
A fit example thus for you:
The sacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.
3. But lo! from yonder opening skies,
What beams of dazzling glory spread!
Dove-like th' Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amazed they see the power divine
Around the Savior's temples shine.
4. But hark, my soul, hark and adore!
What sounds are those that roll along?
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar;
But soft and sweet as Gabriel's song!
"This is my well-beloved Son;
I see, well pleased, what he hath done?"

339. (609) S. M.

1. Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry,
By faith effectual make our prayer,
And all our wants supply.
2. On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.
3. Inspire, and send forth more
Into thy church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
4. O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

340. (293) 7s & 6s. D.

1. Thine holy day's returning,
Our hearts exult to see;
And with devotion burning,
Ascend, O God, to thee!
To-day with purest pleasure,
Our thoughts from earth withdraw;
We search for heavenly treasure,
We learn thy holy law.
2. We join to sing thy praises,
Lord of the Sabbath day;
Each voice in gladness raises,
Its loudest, sweetest lay!
Thy richest mercies sharing,
Inspire us with thy love,
By grace our souls preparing
For nobler praise above.

341. (1071)

P. M.

1. We as the living witnesses
Declare the word to you,
And bear our testimony
That what we teach is true;
Beware how you receive it,
Do not yourselves deceive,
For God himself revealed it;
We know what we believe.
2. The Lord has truly blessed us
In this the latter day;
In Spirit he doth answer us
When we do humbly pray.
We have the gift of unknown tongues.
The gift of healing too,
And this is testimony
That what we teach is true.

342. (391)

P. M.

1. O lovely Voices of the sky,
Which hymned the Savior's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?
To us yet speak the strains,
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye biest the Syrian swains.
O Voices of the sky!
2. O clear and shining Light, whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head!
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of hope, and joy and faith;
O clear and shining Light!
3. O Star which led to him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free!

Where art thou?—'midst the host above,
May we still gaze on thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth may not dim;
Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to him!

343. (646) 8s & 7s.

1. Organize my Church and Kingdom,
Not in order men approve,
But in that revealed through Jesus
Your Redeemer, whom ye love.
2. Search ye in the holy scripture,
Let it be your law and guide,
Build your temple by its pattern,
And it will in peace abide.
3. Note each well appointed office,
That my house be well sustained;
Called of God by revelation,
And by his command ordained.
4. Place each humble, pure evangel,
Priest and Elder in his lot,
Seventies and Twelve Apostles,—
From the pattern wander not.
5. And still higher, for their guidance,
Does the perfect law provide
Over all, my chosen Prophet
Must in righteousness preside.

344. (529) 6-8s.

1. 'Tis faith prepares our hearts to see
The many wrongs that we have done,
How sad, and deep, how vile they be,
And gives us hope through God's dear
Son;
Inspires us with a holy love
To serve alone Our God above.

2. Repentance purifies the soul
By casting off all that offends,
The blood of Christ doth now atone,
And for our guilt it makes amends,
And with the water sanctifies
All who believe and are baptized.
3. Then comes the Spirit like a flood
To overwhelm our waiting souls,
Give us new life, the life of God,
Perfect the work and make us whole;
As with the water and the blood,
It testifies we're born of God.
4. Then sinner hear the word to-day,
Believe, repent of all your sin;
Accept the offer, while you may,
The word is thus, from yonder skies,
'Believe, repent and be baptized.'

345. (240)

L. M.

1. God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies:
2. O, like the sun may I fulfill
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
3. Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
4. Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desire and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

346. (951)

1. The Lord hath favored Israel,
Him he will gather;
He'll save his chosen people,
Praise him for ever.
He'll make of Israel's seed a glorious
nation,
And choose Mount Zion for his habitation.
The Lord hath chosen Zion,
He will redeem it;
He'll glorious make it for his ransomed
people.
This is the place he hath chosen for his
rest,
Here will he dwell with his people ever
blest.
Sing to the Lord,
Praises to our God,—
Songs of joy and gladness sing unto his
name!
Hosannas sing,
Hallelujahs sing,
Hallelujahs sing! Amen. Praise him!
Amen.
2. The Lord will keep his cov'nant,
With the posterity
Of Joseph his chosen one,
And give prosperity.
Restore the plan of heaven once insti-
tuted,
Give comfort to the tried and persecuted.
The Lord hath chosen Zion,
He will redeem it;
He'll glorious make it for his ransomed
people.
This is the place he hath chosen for his
rest,
Here will he dwell with his people ever
blest.

Sing to the Lord,
Praises to our God,—
Songs of joy and gladness sing unto his
name!
Hosannas sing,
Hallelujahs sing,
Hallelujahs sing! Amen. Praise him!
Amen.

347.

1. A calm and gentle quiet reigns to-night,
There's not a cloud upon a single brow;
And ev'ry heart is swelling with delight,
And peace is brooding sweetly o'er us
now;
And ev'ry bosom feels the thrilling touch
Of the Spirit filling them with holy fire,
The precious boon for which we pray so
much,
In answer to our earnest hearts'
desire.
2. We thank the Lord that we have lived to
see,
The good He bringeth in the latter
day;
Our earnest pray'rs to Him shall ever be,
To keep our feet within the narrow
way,
For we have walked in darkness hitherto
And had but just a little ray of light;
But now the blessings fall as morning
dew,
And truth is shining as the morning
bright.
3. We must not wait for now the time is
ours,
And while I wait another waits for me:

We see the workings of contending
pow'rs,
The darkness and the holy light we see;
Then let us render service to the Lord
And drive those clouds of fear and doubt
away,
That we may all rejoice with one accord
Until the dawning of that perfect day.

348. (386) 7s D.

1. Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are—
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!—
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?—
Trav'ler! yes; it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.
2. Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends;—
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!—
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?—
Trav'ler! ages are its own,—
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.
3. Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn—
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home—
Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

349. (165) See No. 280.

350. (513)

8s & 7s D.

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Though I'm poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, henceforth my friend wilt be.
Perish, ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Christ are still my own!
2. Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face and all is bright.
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain:
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,—
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may
gather,—
All must work for good to me.
And to his cov'nant enter in.

351. (152)

L. M. D.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at My Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness,
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

352. (126)

7s.

1. Lord, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
2. In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
3. Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let "the time of love" return.
4. Grant we all may seek, and find,
Thee our gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

353. (70)

P. M.

1. We thank thee, O God, for a prophet
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank thee for sending the gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank thee for every blessing
Bestowed by thy bounteous hand;
We feel it a pleasure to serve thee,
And love to obey thy commands.

2. When dark clouds of trouble hang o'er us,
And threaten our peace to destroy,
There is Hope smiling brightly before us,
And we know that deliverance is nigh;
We doubt not the Lord nor his goodness,
We've proved him in days that are
past;
The wicked who fight against Zion
Will surely be smitten at last.
3. We'll sing of his goodness and mercy;
We'll praise him by day and by night;
Rejoice in his glorious Gospel,
And bask in his life-giving light:
Thus on to eternal perfection
The honest and faithful will go;
While they who reject this glad message.
Shall never such happiness know.

354. (192) S. M.

1. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
2. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

355. (1034) P. M.

1. The Spirit of God like a fire is burning;
The latter-day glory begins to come
forth;
The visions and blessings of old are
returning;
The angels are coming to visit the
earth.

CHORUS:

We'll sing and we'll shout with the armies
of heaven:

Hosanna, hosanna to God and the
Lamb!

Let glory to them in the highest be given,
Henceforth and for ever: Amen and
Amen.

2. The Lord is extending the saints' understanding—

Restoring their judges and all as at
first;

The knowledge and power of God are
expanding,

The veil o'er the earth is beginning to
burst.

CHORUS.

3. We call in our solemn assemblies, in
Spirit,

To spread forth the kingdom of heaven
abroad,

That we through our faith may begin to
inherit

The visions, and blessings, and glories
of God.

CHORUS.

4. Old Israel that fled from the world for
his freedom,

Must come with the cloud and the
pillar, amain,

A Moses, and Aaron, and Joshua lead
him,

And feed him on manna from heaven
again.

CHORUS.

5. How blessed the day when the lamb and
the lion
Shall lie down together without any
ire;
And Ephraim be crowned with his bless-
ings in Zion,
As Jesus descends with his chariots of
fire!

CHORUS.

356. (718)

P. M.

1. Now let us rejoice in the day of salva-
tion,
No longer as strangers on earth need
we roam;
Good tidings are sounding to us and each
nation,
And shortly the hour of redemption
will come:

CHORUS.

When all that was promised the saints
will be given,
And none will molest them from morn
until even,
And earth will appear as the Garden of
Eden,
And Jesus will say to all Israel:
"Come home!"

2. We'll love one another and never dis-
semble,
But cease to do evil and ever be one;
And while the ungodly are fearing and
tremble
We'll watch for the day when the
Savior shall come:

CHORUS.

3. In faith we'll rely on the arm of Jehovah,
To guide through these last days of
trouble and gloom;
And after the scourges and harvest are
over,
We'll rise with the just, when the
Savior doth come.

CHORUS:

Then all that was promised the saints
will be given,
And they will be crowned as the angels
of heaven;
And earth will appear as the garden of
Eden,
And Christ and his people will ever be
one.

357. (1068) 6-8s.

1. Arouse, arouse, why idly stand,
Why sit at ease with folded hands?
There is a work for you to do,
No other one can do for you.
Arise and work, though great or small,
For by our works we stand or fall.
2. Arouse thyself to diligence,
With others' works take no offense;
For if they do not interfere
With thee or thine, why need'st thou
care?
Or if they do, care not at all;
By their own works they stand or fall.
3. The "hope of life" doth not depend
On what is done by foe or friend—
We are free agents; we can choose
The "better way," the bad refuse.
This agency God grants to all,
By our own works we stand or fall.

4. In sweet commingling harmony
Let all your works with faith agree;
For Christ, the judge, in the last day
Will judge our deeds the Scriptures say;
He as their deeds rewardeth all,
Then by our works we stand or fall.

358. (698)

8s & 7s.

1. Onward, brother, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on.
2. Listen, brother; their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love,"
Write upon thy sacred banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."
3. By the thorn road, and no other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it; press thou on.
4. Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh! no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release.
5. Pray thou, brother, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

359. (1028)

P. M.

1. How glorious will be the morning,
When Christ will come to earth again;
The saints of God are ever waiting,
A thousand years with him to reign.

CHORUS:

Repent and be washed clean from sin,
 And then a crown of life you'll win;
 For the day we seek is nigh,
 Is nigh at hand.

2. Let us trim our lamps and keep them
 burning,
 And be ready when he says "Well
 done;"
 Lest we should die when we behold him,
 For his glory's brighter than the sun.

CHORUS.

3. The Lamb and the Lion shall be together,
 When the righteous reign it does com-
 mence;
 The second death will have no power,
 When sin and pain are banished hence.

CHORUS.

4. So now we are the bride adorning,
 Preparing for the great I AM;
 For we shall all receive a blessing,
 At the marriage supper of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

360. (1072) P. M.

1. Awake, saints awake,
 No time now for reposing,
 "The Lord is near,"
 Breaks on the ear;
 O come, come away.
 O come where Jesus' love will be,
 Who says, "I meet with two or three."
 Sweet promise made to thee:
 O come, come away.

2. And thus we do meet,
As Jesus has commanded;
To serve the Lord,
With one accord;
O come, come away.
For each loved one here we greet,
And round the social altar meet
With those who bow at Jesus' feet;
O come, come away.
3. Our cares we lay by,
Nor think of worldly pleasures;
But filled with love
To God above;
O come, come away.
Before the Lord we humbly kneel,
And then his holy presence feel,
And pray his Spirit to reveal;
O come, come away.
4. O come, come away,
For Gentile times are closing:
The end is near,
The judgment's here;
O come, come away.
For Judah is returning home,
And Israel from the north will come,
Ephraim will no longer roam;
O come, come away.
5. O come, come away
From sin's delusive pleasures,
Accept the call,
It is to all;
O come, come away.
Hearken to the glorious news,
Accept the gospel's precious truths
That save the Gentiles and the Jews,
O come, come away.

361. (933) 8s & 7s D.

1. Shall we gather home to Zion,—
Will our wand'rings soon be o'er;
Shall we cease our tears and sighing,—
Shall we rest for evermore?
Will Messiah come to save us
From the power of the foe?
Will he come, and will he have us
His salvation fully know?

CHORUS:

Yes; we will gather home to Zion,
Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!
Gather with the saints home to Zion,
And be saved in the kingdom of God.

2. Will he come as Judah's lion?
Will the wicked he destroy?
Will he take us home to Zion,
Filling us with peace and joy?
Shall we live with him for ever?
Shall we see him as he is?
Shall we from him part? No, never,
He will call each dear one his.

CHORUS.

3. Shall we rest with our Redeemer,
In the paradise of God?
Let us walk with patience ever,
In the path our Savior trod.
Let us be no longer sleeping,
For the day is near at hand;
Let us each our watch be keeping,
As a firm, united band.

CHORUS:

Then we will dwell with saints in Zion,
Our beautiful, our beautiful Zion!
Happy with the saints home in Zion,
Rejoicing in the kingdom of God.

362. (651)

8-7s.

1. Watchman, who are these I see,
Panoplied as if for war?
Trav'ler, these Apostles be,
Christ their Leader, Truth their star!
Watchman, there are others too
Who are they, I fain would know?
Trav'ler, these are Prophets true,
Tried by grief, by toil, and woe.
2. Watchman, now a mighty host
Rises to my startled view!
Trav'ler, these are never lost,
Elders of the cov'nant new.
Watchman, are these ev'ry one,
Members of some holy band?
Trav'ler, yes; they've title won
From the Savior's loving hand.
3. Watchman, ah! but who are these,
Coming, singing as for joy?
Trav'ler these are Sons of Peace,
Teachers of our Lord on high.
Watchman, others swell the lists,
Countless hosts are on the road;
Trav'ler, these Evangelists,
Pastors, shepherds for our God.
4. Watchman, now my heart is stirred
With the joyous news I hear;
Trav'ler, yes, the voice is heard,
Christ the Lord is drawing near.
Watchman, tell me ere you go,
What the shout I hear again?
Trav'ler, 'tis the end of woe,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

363. (938)

7s & 6s D.

1. Come all ye sons of Zion,
And let us praise the Lord:
His ransomed are returning,

According to his word.
With sacred songs and gladness,
They walk the narrow way,
And thank the Lord who brought them
To see the latter day.

2. Come, ye dispersed of Judah,
Join in the theme, and sing
With harmony unceasing,
The praises of your King,
Whose arm is now extended,
On which the world may gaze,
To gather up the righteous,
In these the latter days.

3. Rejoice, rejoice, O Israel!
And let your joys abound;
The voice of God shall reach you,
Wherever you are found;
And call you back from bondage,
That you may sing his praise,
In Zion and Jerusalem,
In these the latter days.

4. Then gather up for Zion,
Ye saints, throughout the land,
And clear the way before you,
As God shall give command:
Though wicked men and devils
Exert their pow'r, 'tis vain,
Since he who is Eternal.
Has said you shall obtain.

364. (81)

C. M.

1. Eternal Source of life and light!
Supremely good and wise!
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

2. Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

365. (151)

C. M. D.

1. O God! give strength to all thy saints,
And courage give them too;
And oh! lend them thy mighty hand,
To conquer every foe.
Thy saints are weak, but thou art strong;
There's all we want in thee;
And thou hast promised us thine aid
When we united be.
2. Oh! guide our footsteps in the wilds,
And guard us day and night;
Give signs when enemies appear,
And through us show thy might.
We want no cowards in our ranks,
We do not think to yield;
And for the vict'ry we will fight,
Or perish in the field.
3. We will not perish, though we die—
We'll rise to life again;
God only wants us to be brave—
The battle we will gain.
Thou, God, who did the sea divide,
And led thy people through,
Thy mighty hand is still the same,
And we do know it, too.

366. (562)

C. M.

1. Rejoice! ye Saints of Latter Days,
Lift up your heads and sing,
With one accord unite to praise
Your Everlasting King.

2. No more in darkness need you walk,
Nor tread in error's night,
For the Most High again has spoke
The darkness into light.
3. The Holy Spirit is sent down,
Like as in days of old,
To bring to mind things that are past,
And things to come unfold.
4. O may it rest upon us now
While we're assembled here,
Bring consolation to our souls,
Our drooping spirits cheer.
5. O may it ever guide our feet
In ways of righteousness,
That we may be accounted meet
To dwell in blessedness.

367. (311) P. M.

1. Come, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till our Master appear.
His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfill,
And your talents improve
By the patience of hope, and the labor of
love.

2. Our life as a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moments are gone;
The millennium year
Presses on to our view, and eternity's here.

2. O that each in the day
 Of his coming may say,—
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do."
 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done,
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne."

368. (19) 8s & 7s. D.

1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
 Mount of thy redeeming love!
2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood!
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm contrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
 Prone to wander—Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love!
 Here's my heart—O take and seal it—
 Seal it for thy courts above.

369. (129)

7s.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet!
When the saints together meet,
When the Savior is the theme,
When they joy to sing of him.
2. Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world and gave his Son.
3. Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.
4. Sing we, too, the Spirit's love:
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Savior near.
5. Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet;
Where the Savior's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

370. (1089)

P. M.

1. Come, come, ye saints, no toil nor labor
fear,
But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may
appear,
Grace shall be as your day.
'Tis better far for us to strive,
Our useless cares from us to drive;
Do this, and joy your hearts will swell—
All is well! all is well!
2. Why should we mourn, or think our lot
is hard?
'Tis not so; all is right!

Why should we think to earn a great
reward,

If we now shun the fight?
Gird up your loins, fresh courage take,
Our God will never us forsake;
And soon we'll have this tale to tell—
All is well! all is well!

3. And should we die before our journey's
through,

Happy day! all is well!
We'll then be free from toil and sorrow
too,

With the just we shall dwell.
But if our lives are spared again
To see the saints their rest obtain,
Oh, how we'll make this chorus swell—
All is well! all is well!

371. (168)

8s & 7s D.

1. Let us pray for one another,
For the day is fading fast,
And the night is growing darker,
While the scourge goes flaming past.
We can see it in the darkness,
Closing round our narrow way,
And the snares are growing thicker;
For each other let us pray.

2. We are walking down time's vista;
We are very near the end;
Let us pray that God the Father,
May his guiding Spirit send.
Now "the foe becomes more daring,"
Knowing well the latter day;
'Tis the strength of his despairing,
For each other let us pray.

3. Pray in faith, and pray unceasing,
To the God we love and trust,

For our prayers are much availing,
 If we walk upright and just;
 Be not weary of exhorting,
 Heed the lesson of each day,
 And that we may be unwav'ring,
 For each other let us pray.

4. It is waning on to midnight,
 Soon we'll hear the watchman say,
 "See! the Son of God is coming;
 Go and meet him on the way."
 That our lamps may then be burning,
 Bright enough to guide our way,
 And that we may share his glory,
 For each other let us pray.

372. (52) 7s & 6s D.

1. Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss.
 From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 His army shall he lead,
 Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
2. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day.
 Ye that are men, now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.
3. Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own.
 Put on the gospel armor,

And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4. Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.—
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

373. (577)

7s.

1. Come, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.
2. Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth—and fire of love.

374. (1079)

10s.

1. A calm and gentle quiet reigns to-night,
There's not a cloud upon a single brow,
And every heart is swelling with delight,
And peace is brooding sweetly o'er us
now.
2. And every bosom feels the thrilling touch
Of th' Spirit, filling them with holy fire,
The precious boon for which we pray so
much
In answer to that earnest heart's
desire.
3. We thank the Lord that we have lived to
see
The good he bringeth in the latter day,

Our earnest prayer to him shall ever be,
To keep our feet within the narrow
way.

4. For we have walked in darkness hitherto,
And had but just a little ray of light;
But now the blessings fall as morning
dew,
And truth is shining as the morning
bright.
5. We must not wait, for now the time is
ours,
And while I wait, another waits for me;
We see the working of contending powers,
The darkness, and the holy light we see.
6. Then let us render service to the Lord,
And drive those clouds of fear and
doubt away,
That we may all rejoice with one accord,
Until the dawning of the perfect day.

375. (711) P. M.

1. 'Mid scenes of confusion and creature
complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's
room,
And feel, in the presence of Jesus, at
home.

CHORUS:

- Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Conduct me, dear Savior, to glory, my
home.
2. Sweet bonds, that unite all the children
of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love can
not cease;

Though oft from thy teachings in folly
 I roam,
 I hope to behold thee in glory at home.

CHORUS.

3. From all that is sinful I sigh to be free;
 Which hinders my joy and communion
 with thee;
 But though my temptations like billows
 may foam,
 All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee
 at home.

CHORUS.

4. While here in the valley of conflict I
 stay,
 O give me submission and strength as
 my day;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

376. (174) C. M.

1. Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
 In this our evil day;
 To all thy tempted foll'wers give
 The power to watch and pray.

2. Long as our fiery trials last,
 Long as the cross we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast
 In earnest, heart-felt prayer.

377. (75) P. M.

1. Let us shake off the coals from our gar-
 ments
 And arise in the strength of the Lord;
 Let us break off the yoke of our bondage,
 And be free in the joy of the word.
 For the pebble has dropped in the water,

And the waves circle round with the
shock—

Shall we anchor our barks in the center,
Or drift out and be wrecked on the
rock?

2. Let us waken our songs in the morning,
And let them at noontide resound;
Then the evening shall find us rejoicing,
While the law in our hearts will be
found.

For the Lord is remembering Zion,
And bringing her comfort once more,
Shall we anchor our barks in the center.
Or drift out and be wrecked on the
shore?

3. Thank the Lord for the plan he has
given,
That will render us pure as a child,
That will change this cold world into
heaven,
By his Spirit so holy and mild.
And the hope of a portion in Zion,
Shall cheer us till trials are o'er,
Let us anchor our barks in the center,
And be safe from the rocks on the
shore.

378. (171) L. M.

1. Where two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;—
2. There will the gracious Savior be,
To bless the little company;
There, to unveil his smiling face,
And bid his glories fill the place.

3. We meet at thy command, O Lord!
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send the Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

379. (541) C. M.

1. Thus was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
Thus was the pattern given by Christ,
That leads from sin to God.
2. Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.
3. Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thine own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever living head.

380. (558) S. M.

1. Down at the sacred wave,
The Lord of life was led,
And he who came our souls to save
In Jordan bowed his head.
2. He taught the solemn way;
He fixed the holy rite;
He bade his ransomed ones obey
And keep the path of light.
3. Blest Savior, we will tread
In thine appointed way;
Let glory o'er these scenes be shed,
And smile on us to-day.

381. (453) C. M.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?

Would he devote that sacred head
For those so weak as I?

2. Was it for crimes that man had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty Savior died
For man the creature's sin!
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears:
Rejoice in heart-felt thankfulness,
Or weep repentant tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

382. (778) C. M.

1. Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?
2. Thy body broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
3. When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice!
I must remember thee.
4. Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

383. (454) P. M.

1. Come, O my soul, to Calvary,
And see the man who died for thee,
Upon the accursed tree.
Behold, the Savior's agony,
While groaning in Gethsemane,
Beneath the sins of men.

CHORUS:

How can I forget thee?
How can I forget my Lord?
How can I forget thee?
Dear Lord, remember me.

2. With purple robe and thorny crown,
And mocking soldiers bowing down,
The Savior bears my shame.
Behold they shed his precious blood,
Oh! hear him cry, "My God, My God,
Hast thou forsaken me?"

CHORUS.

3. He died; the earth was robed in gloom,
They laid him then in Joseph's tomb,
While soldiers watched around.
But in the light of dawning day,
Bright angels rolled the rock away,
And Christ the conq'ror rose.

CHORUS.

4. Now he who died on Calvary
Still lives to plead for you and me,
And bids us look and live.
Soon he who once was scourged and
bound,
Shall come again with glory crowned,
And reign for evermore.

CHORUS.

5. His saints shall crown him Lord of all;
Before him every foe shall fall,
And every knee shall bow.
Oh! then the Man of Calvary
Shall reign supreme from sea to sea:
All hail that glorious day!

CHORUS.

384. (460) 4-6s & 2-8s.

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He can not turn away
The pleadings of his Son;
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
5. To God I'm reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,

I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.

385. (782)**L. M.**

1. How pleasing to behold and see
The friends of Jesus all agree,
To sit around his sacred board,
As members of one common Lord.
2. Here we behold the dawn of bliss—
Here we behold the Savior's grace—
Here we behold his precious blood,
Which sweetly pleads for us with God
3. While here we sit we would implore
That love may spread from shore to shore
Fill all the saints, like us, combine
To praise the Lord in songs divine.
4. To all we freely give our hand,
Who love the Lord in ev'ry land;
For all are one in Christ, our Head,
To whom the endless honors paid.
5. Here, by the bread and wine, we view
What boundless curses were our due:
But through the atonement of our Lord.
All that was lost is now restored.
6. Let wrath and strife, those seeds of hell
No more in Christian bosoms dwell;
But love and union, by his blood,
Prove us the chosen heirs of God.

386. (777)**C. M.**

1. Here at thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine:
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2. He who prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.
3. Here peace and pardon sweetly flow;
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread—and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.
4. Deep was the suff'ring he endured
Upon th' accursed tree—
For me—each welcome guest may say,
'Twas all endured for me.
5. Sure there was never love so free—
Dear Savior—so divine!
Well thou mayest claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to thine.

387. (783) 8-7s.

1. "Till he come"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till he come."
"Till he come"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords.
2. When the weary ones we love
To the silent land remove,
Though the earth seems poor and waste,
All our life-joy overcast,—
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till he come."
"Till he come"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords.
3. Clouds and conflicts round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,

All that tells the world is loss;
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper—"Till he come."
"Till he come"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords.

4. See, the feast of love is spread;
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board:
Some from earth, from slumber some,
Severed only "till he come."
"Till he come"—oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords.

388. (31)

6s & 4s.

1. Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
2. Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone;
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.
3. There let my way appear,
Onward to heaven,
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given.
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4. Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise.
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

389. (143) S. M.

1. Jesus, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.
2. Thy name Salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is Life, and Health, and Peace,
And Everlasting Love.

390. (780) 7s & 6s D.

1. O God the Eternal Father,
Who dwells amid the sky,
In Jesus' name we ask thee
To bless and sanctify,
If we are pure before thee,
This bread and cup of wine,
That we may all remember
That off'ring so divine.
2. That sacred, holy off'ring,
By man least understood,
To have our sins remitted,
And take his flesh and blood.
That we may ever witness
The suff'rings of thy Son,
And always have his Spirit
To make our hearts as one.

3. When Jesus, the anointed,
 Descended from above,
And gave himself a ransom
 To win our souls with love;
With no apparent beauty,
 That men should him desire—
He was the promised Savior,
 To purify with fire.
4. How infinite that wisdom,
 The plan of holiness,
That made salvation perfect,
 And veiled the Lord in flesh,
To walk upon his footstool,
 And be like man, almost,
In his exalted station,
 And die—or all was lost.
5. 'Twas done—all nature trembled!
 Yet, by the power of faith,
He rose as God triumphant,
 And break the bands of death:
And, rising conq'rer, "captive
 He led captivity,"
And sat down with the Father
 To reign eternally.
6. He is the true Messiah,
 That died and lives again;
We look not for another,
 He is the Lamb 'twas slain;
He is the Stone and Shepherd
 Of Israel scattered far;
The glorious Branch from Jesse;
 The bright and Morning Star.
7. Again, he is that Prophet
 That Moses said should come,
Being raised among his brethren,
 To call the righteous home;

And all that will not hear him,
 Shall feel his chast'ning rod,
 Till wickedness is ended,
 As saith the Lord our God.

8. He comes! He comes in glory!
 The veil has vanished too,
 With angels, yea, our fathers,
 To drink this cup anew—
 And sing the songs of Zion,
 And shout—"Tis done, 'tis done!"
 While ev'ry son and daughter
 Rejoices—we are one.

391. (788) L. M.

1. Thy broken body, gracious Lord!
 Is tokened in this broken bread:
 The wine which in this cup is poured,
 Points to the blood which thou hast
 shed.
2. And while we meet together thus,
 We show that we are one in thee:
 Thy precious blood was shed for us,
 Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.
3. We have one hope—that thou wilt come:
 Thee in the air we wait to see:
 When thou wilt give thy saints a home,
 And we shall ever reign with thee.

392. (793) S. M.

1. Ye children of our God,
 Ye saints of latter days,
 Surround the table of our Lord,
 And join to sing his praise.
2. He gives his flesh and blood,
 Our souls to purify,
 And blesses us with ev'ry good,
 And thus he brings us nigh.

3. We do remember him,
His sorrow, pain, and death,
And how with power he 'rose again
Triumphant from the earth.
4. He triumphed o'er the grave,
And then ascended high,
Where throned in power he sits to save
And brings the sinner nigh.
5. He soon will come again,
And with his people taste
The marriage supper of the Lamb.
With his own presence blest.
6. Arrayed in spotless white,
We'll then each other greet,
And see Messiah throned in might,
And worship at his feet.

393. (779) S. M.

1. Jesus, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
And in thine own appointed way
We come to meet thee, Lord!
2. Thus we remember thee,
And take this bread and wine
As thine own dying legacy,
And our redemption's sign.
3. Thy presence makes the feast;
Now let our spirits feel
The glory not to be expressed,—
The joy unspeakable!
4. With high and heavenly bliss
Thou dost our spirits cheer;
Thy house of banqueting is this,
And thou hast brought us here.

5. Now let our souls be fed
With manna from above,
And over us thy banner spread
Of everlasting love.

394. (787) L. M.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that solemn night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son, e'en God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.
2. Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and
break,
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he
spoke!
3. "This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine,
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
4. For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.
5. For us his precious blood was spilt,
To purchase pardon for our guilt:
When for our sins he suff'ring dies,
And gives his life a sacrifice.
6. "Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In mem'ry of your dying friend;
Meet at my table and record
The love of your departed Lord."
7. Jesus, thy feast we celebrate!
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

395. (561)

8s & 7s.

1. Humble souls, that seek salvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
2. Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you
While you make his ways your choice.
3. Follow Christ, let each believer,
Be baptized in Jesus' name;
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.
4. Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay,
Gladly his command embracing;
Lo! your Captain leads the ways.

396. (550)

7s & 6s D.

1. Around thy grave, Lord Jesus,
Thine empty grave we stand,
With hearts all full of praises,
To keep thy blest command;
By faith our souls rejoicing,
To tread thy path of love,
Through death's dark angry billows,
Up to thy throne above.
2. Lord Jesus, we remember
The travail of thy soul,
When in thy love's deep pity,
The waves did o'er thee roll;
Baptized in death's cold waters,
For us thy blood was shed;
For us the Lord of Glory
Was numbered with the dead.

3. Into thy death baptized,
We own with thee we died;
With thee, our life, are risen,
And in thee glorified.
From sin, the world, and Satan,
We're ransomed by thy blood;
To them would walk as strangers,
Alive with thee to God.

397. (555) 8s & 7s.

1. Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on;
We will follow none but thee.

CHORUS:

We will follow none but Jesus,
Jesus is the life, the way;
This the path in which he leads us,
This the gate to endless day.

2. As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave,
We, who seek the great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.

CHORUS.

3. Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

CHORUS.

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